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THE WORLD'S ONE THOUSAND BEST POEMS

VOLUME EIGHT
SCOTT-TEASDALE



THE WORLD'S ONE THOUSAND BEST POEMS

AIINO CONINCO CONINCO

(IN TEN VOLUMES)

BERTON BRALEY EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

VOLUME EIGHT
SCOTT-TEASDALE

(Complete Index-Volume Ten)

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THE WORLD'S ONE THOUSAND BEST POEMS

VOLUME EIGHT



THE

WORLD'S 1000 BEST POEMS

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771-1832

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE"

I.

THE stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

n.

As Chief, who hears his warder call, 'To arms! the foemen storm the wall,' The antler'd monarch of the waste Sprung from his heathery couch in haste. But, ere his fleet career he took, The dew-drops from his flanks he shook; Like crested leader proud and high, Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky; A moment gazed adown the dale,

A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

m.

Yell'd on the view the opening pack; Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back; To many a mingled sound at once The awaken'd mountain gave response, A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong, Clatter'd a hundred steeds along, Their peal the merry horns rung out, A hundred voices join'd the shout; With hark and whoop and wild halloo, No rest Benyoirlich's echoes knew. Far from the tumult fled the roe. Close in her covert cower'd the doe: The falcon, from her cairn on high, Cast on the rout a wondering eye, Till far-beyond her piercing ken The hurricane had swept the glen. Faint and more faint, its failing din Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn, And silence settled, wide and still, On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,

And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

v.

The noble stag was pausing now Upon the mountain's southern brow, Where broad extended, far beneath, The varied realms of fair Menteith. With anxious eye he wander'd o'er Mountain and meadow, moss and moor, And ponder'd refuge from his toil By far Lochard or Aberfoyle. But nearer was the copsewood grey, That waved and wept on Loch-Achray, And mingled with the pine-trees blue On the bold cliffs of Benvenue. Fresh vigour with the hope return'd, With flying foot the heath he spurn'd, Held westward with unwearied race, And left behind the panting chase.

VI.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er, As swept the hunt through Cambusmore: What reins were tighten'd in despair,

When rose Benledi's ridge in air; Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath, Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith,— For twice that day, from shore to shore, The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er. Few were the stragglers, following far, That reach'd the lake of Vennachar; And when the Brigg of Turk was won, The headmost horseman rode alone.

VII.

Alone, but with unbated zeal, That horseman plied the scourge and steel; For jaded now, and spent with toil, Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil, While every gasp with sobs he drew, The labouring stag strain'd full in view. Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed, Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed, Fast on his flying traces came, And all but won that desperate game; For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch, Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds stanch: Nor nearer might the dogs attain, Nor farther might the quarry strain. Thus up the margin of the lake, Between the precipice and brake, O'er stock and rock their race they take.

VIII.

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high, The lone lake's western boundary, And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,

Where that huge rampart barr'd the way: Already glorying in the prize, Measured his antlers with his eves: For the death-wound and death-halloo, Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew;-But thundering as he came prepared, With ready arm and weapon bared, The wily quarry shunn'd the shock, And turn'd him from the opposing rock; Then, dashing down a darksome glen, Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken, In the deep Trosach's wildest nook His solitary refuge took. There, while close couch'd, the thicket shed Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head, He heard the baffled dogs in vain Rave through the hollow pass amain, Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

IX.

Close on the hounds the hunter came, To cheer them on the vanish'd game; But, stumbling in the rugged dell, The gallant horse exhausted fell. The impatient rider strove in vain To rouse him with the spur and rein, For the good steed, his labours o'er, Stretch'd his stiff limbs, to rise no more; Then, touch'd with pity and remorse, He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse: I little thought, when first thy rein I slack'd upon the banks of Seine, That Highland eagle e'er should feed

On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed! Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day, That costs thy life, my gallant grey!'

X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds, From vain pursuit to call the hounds. Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace, The sulky leaders of the chase; Close to their master's side they press'd, With drooping tail and humbled crest; But still the dingle's hollow throat Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note. The owlets started from their dream, The eagles answer'd with their scream, Round and around the sounds were cast, Till echo seem'd an answering blast; And on the hunter hied his way, To join some comrades of the day; Yet often paused, so strange the road, So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

ALLEN-A-DALE

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning, Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning, Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning, Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning. Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale! And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride, And he views his domains upon Arkindale side;

The mere for his net, and the land for his game, The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame? Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale, Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as
bright;

Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,

Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word; And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,

Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come; The mother, she ask'd of his household and home: 'Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,

My hall,' quoth bold Allen, 'shows gallanter still; 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,

And with all its bright spangles!' said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone; They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone; But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry: He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,

And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale, And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

A WEARY LOT

'A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
No more of me you knew,
My love!

No more of me you knew.

'This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again.'
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, 'Adieu for evermore,
My love!

And adieu for evermore.

BALLAD

ALICE BRAND

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

'O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright, And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue, That on the night of our luckless flight Thy brother bold I slew.

'Now must I teach to hew the beech The hand that held the glaive, For leaves to spread our lowly bed, And stakes to fence our cave.

'And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughter'd deer,
To keep the cold away.'

'O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

'If pall and vair no more I wear, Nor thou the crimson sheen, As warm, we'll say, is the russet grey, As gay the forest-green.

'And, Richard, if our lot be hard, And lost thy native land, Still Alice has her own Richard, And he his Alice Brand.' п.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood, So blithe Lady Alice is singing; On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side, Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King, Who won'd within the hill; Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church, His voice was ghostly shrill.

'Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak, Our moonlight circle's screen? Or who comes here to chase the deer, Beloved of our Elfin Queen? Or who may dare on wold to wear The fairies' fatal green?

'Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie, For thou wert christen'd man; For cross or sign thou wilt not fly, For mutter'd word or ban.

'Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die.'

ш.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood, Though the birds have still'd their singing; The evening blaze doth Alice raise, And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf, Before Lord Richard stands, And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself, 'I fear not sign,' quoth the grisly elf, 'That is made with bloody hands.'

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand, That woman, void of fear,— 'And if there's blood upon his hand, 'Tis but the blood of deer.'

'Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand.'

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand, And made the holy sign,— 'And if there's blood on Richard's hand, A spotless hand is mine.

'And I conjure thee, Demon elf, By Him whom Demons fear, To show us whence thou art thyself, And what thine errand here?'

IV.

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

'And gaily shines the Fairy-land— But all is glistening show,

Like the idle gleam that December's beam Can dart on ice and snow.

'And fading, like that varied gleam, Is our inconstant shape, Who now like knight and lady seem, And now like dwarf and ape.

'It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatch'd away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

'But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mold,
As fair a form as thine.'

She cross'd him once, she cross'd him twice,
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,

When the mavis and merle are singing,

But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey,

When all the bells were ringing.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

'Ave Maria! maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banish'd, outcast, and reviled;
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer—
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled,

If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air

Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;

Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,

From this their wonted haunt exiled,

Shall flee before thy presence fair.

We bow us to our lot of care,

Beneath thy guidance reconciled;

Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,

And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!'

CORONACH

'He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!'

BOAT SONG

'Hall to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be the evergreen Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow.

Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
Roderich Vich Alpine dhy, ho! jerce!

Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

'Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the

mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,

Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

XX.

'Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin, And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied; Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin, And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe; Lennox and Leven-glen Shake when they hear agen, Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

'Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the evergreen Pine!
O! that the rose-bud that graces you islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,

Worthy such noble stem,

Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!

Loud should Clan-Alpine then

Ring from her deepmost glen,

Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

LOCHINVAR

O, Young Lochinvar is come out of the west, Through all the wide Border his steed was the best; And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,

He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone. So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone, He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;

But ere he alighted at Netherby gate, The bride had consented, the gallant came late: For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war, Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,

Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword.

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,) 'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war, Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

'I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;— Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide-And now am I come, with this lost love of mine, To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine. There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far, That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up, He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.

She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to

sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,-'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face, That never a hall such a galliard did grace; While her mother did fret, and her father did fume, And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;

And the bride-maidens whisper'd,

'Twere better by far,

To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear, When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung, So light to the saddle before her he sprung! 'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and

scaur;

They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan:

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and

they ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee, But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see. So daring in love, and so dauntless in war, Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?-

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

'Why weep ye by the tide, ladie? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And ye sall be his bride: And ye sall be his bride, ladie, Sae comely to be seen'-But aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock of Hazeldean.

'Now let this wilfu' grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale;

ALAN SEEGER

Young Frank is chief of Errington, And lord of Langley-dale; His step is first in peaceful ha', His sword in battle keen'— But aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock of Hazeldean.

'A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen'—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

ALAN SEEGER

1888-1916

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death At some disputed barricade, When Spring comes back with rustling shade

And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand And lead me into his dark land And close my eyes and quench my breath—It may be I shall pass him still. I have a rendezvous with Death On some scarred slope of battered hill, When Spring comes round again this year And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep Pillowed in silk and scented down, Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep, Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath, Where hushed awakenings are dear . . . But I've a rendezvous with Death At midnight in some flaming town, When Spring trips north again this year, And I to my pledgèd word am true. I shall not fail that rendezvous.

SEMEDO

PORTUGUESE SONNET

From the Portuguese of Semedo

It is a fearful night; a feeble glare
Streams from the sick moon in the o'erclouded sky;
The ridgy billows, with a mighty cry,
Rush on the foamy beaches wild and bare;

ROBERT W. SERVICE

No bark the madness of the waves will dare;
The sailors sleep; the winds are loud and high.
Ah, peerless Laura! for whose love I die,
Who gazes on thy smiles while I despair?
As thus, in bitterness of heart, I cried,
I turned, and saw my Laura, kind and bright,
A messenger of gladness, at my side;
To my poor bark she sprang with footstep light,
And as we furrowed Tago's heaving tide,
I never saw so beautiful a night.

Translated by William Cullen Bryant.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

1874---

ON THE WIRE

O God, take the sun from the sky! It's burning me, scorching me up. God, can't You hear my cry? Water! A poor, little cup! It's laughing, the cursed sun! See how it swells and swells Fierce as a hundred hells! God, will it never have done? It's searing the flesh on my bones; It's beating with hammers red My eyeballs into my head; It's parching my very moans. See! It's the size of the sky, And the sky is a torrent of fire, Foaming on me as I lie Here on the wire . . . the wire . . .

Of the thousands that wheeze and hum Heedlessly over my head, Why can't a bullet come, Pierce to my brain instead, Blacken forever my brain, Finish forever my pain? Here in the hellish glare Why must I suffer so? Is it God doesn't care? Is it God doesn't know? Oh, to be killed outright, Clean in the clash of the fight! That is a golden death, That is a boon; but this . . . Drawing an anguished breath Under a hot abyss, Under a stooping sky Of seething, sulphurous fire, Scorching me up as I lie Here on the wire . . . the wire . . .

Hasten, O God, Thy night!
Hide from my eyes the sight
Of the body I stare and see
Shattered so hideously.
I can't believe that it's mine.
My body was white and sweet,
Flawless and fair and fine,
Shapely from head to feet;
Oh no, I can never be
The thing of horror I see
Under the rifle fire,
Trussed on the wire . . . the wire . . .

ROBERT W. SERVICE

Of night and of death I dream; Night that will bring me peace, Coolness and starry gleam, Stillness and death's release: Ages and ages have passed,-Lo! it is night at last. Night! but the guns roar out. Night! but the hosts attack. Red and yellow and black Gevsers of doom upspout. Silver and green and red Star-shells hover and spread. Yonder off to the right Fiercely kindles the fight; Roaring near and more near, Thundering now in my ear; Close to me, close . . . Oh, hark! Someone moans in the dark. I hear, but I cannot see, I hear as the rest retire. Someone is caught like me, Caught on the wire . . . the wire . . .

Again the shuddering dawn, Weird and wicked and wan; Again, and I've not yet gone. The man whom I heard is dead. Now I can understand: A bullet hole in his head, A pistol gripped in his hand. Well, he knew what to do,—Yes, and now I know too. . .

Hark the resentful guns! Oh, how thankful am I To think my beloved ones Will never know how I die! I've suffered more than my share; I'm shattered beyond repair; I've fought like a man the fight, And now I demand the right (God! how his fingers cling!) To do without shame this thing. Good! there's a bullet still: Now I'm ready to fire! Blame me, God, if You will, Here on the wire . . . the wire . . .

THE RHYME OF THE RESTLESS ONES

WE couldn't sit and study for the law; The stagnation of a bank we couldn't stand; For our riot blood was surging, and we didn't need much urging

To excitement and excesses that are banned.

So we took to wine and drink and other things, And the devil in us struggled to be free:

Till our friends rose up in wrath, and they point out the path,

And they paid our debts and packed us o'er t sea.

Oh, they shook us off and shipped us o'er the foar To the larger lands that lure a man to roam: And we took the chance they gave

Of a far and foreign grave,

And we bade good-by for evermore to home.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

And some of us are climbing on the peak,
And some of us are camping on the plain;
By pine and palm you'll find us, with never claim
to bind us,

By track and trail you'll meet us once again.

We are fated serfs to freedom—sky and sea;
We have failed where slummy cities overflow;
But the stranger ways of earth know our pride and
know our worth.

And we go into the dark as fighters go.

Yes, we go into the night as brave men go, Though our faces they be often streaked with woe; Yet we're hard as cats to kill,

And our hearts are reckless still,

And we've danced with death a dozen times or so.

And you'll find us in Alaska after gold,

And you'll find us herding cattle in the South. We like strong drink and fun, and, when the race is run,

We often die with curses in our mouth.

We are wild as colts unbroke, but never mean.

Of our sins we've shoulders broad to bear the blame;

But we'll never stay in town and we'll never settle down,

And we'll never have an object or an aim.

No, there's that in us that time can never tame; And life will always seem a careless game;

And they'd better far forget—
Those who say they love us yet—
Forget, blot out with bitterness our name.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

YOUNG LOVE

TELL me where is Fancy bred, Or in the heart, or in the head? How begot, how nourished? Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
—Ding, dong, bell.

WINTER

WHEN icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit!

Tu-who! A merry note! While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all about the wind doth blow, And coughing drowns the parson's saw, And birds sit brooding in the snow, And Marian's nose looks red and raw;

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl— Then nightly sings the staring owl Tu-whit!

Tu-who! A merry note! While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

THE FAIRY LIFE

Т

Where the bee sucks, there suck I: In a cowslip's bell I lie; There I couch, when owls do cry; On the bat's back I do fly After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

п

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear;
Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:

Bow-wow.

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow!

A MADRIGAL

CRABBED Age and Youth Cannot live together; Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care; Youth like summer morn, Age like winter weather, Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare: Youth is full of sport, Age's breath is short, Youth is nimble, Age is lame: Youth is hot and bold, Age is weak and cold, Youth is wild, and Age is tame-Age, I do abhor thee, Youth, I do adore thee; O! my Love, my Love is young! Age, I do defy thee-O sweet shepherd, hie thee, For methinks thou stay'st too long.

CARPE DIEM

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear! your true-love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

FIDELE

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,

Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:

Golden lads and girls all must, As chimney-sweeps, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great; Thou art past the tyrant's stroke; Care no more to clothe and eat:

To thee the reed is as the oak: The sceptre, learning, physic, must All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

A SEA DIRGE

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—
Ding, dong, bell.

SYLVIA

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;

The Heaven such grace did lend her, That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

PUCK'S SONG

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those rubies, fairy favors;
In those freckles live their savors:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

AUBADE

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

FRUSTRA

TAKE, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Seal'd in vain.

BLOW, WINTER WIND

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly: Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh ho, the holly! This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, That dost not bite so nigh As benefits forgot: Though thou the waters warp, Thy sting is not so sharp As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho, the holly!

Then, heigh ho, the holly! This life is most jolly.

ALL the world's a stage,

SEVEN AGES OF MAN

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT"

And all the men and women merely players: They have their exits and their entrances, And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant, Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms: Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel And shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school. And then the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier, Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel, Seeking the bubble reputation Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice, In fair round belly, with good capon lined, With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut, Full of wise saws and modern instances;

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slippered pantaloon, With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side; His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice, Turning again towards childish treble, pipes And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, That ends this strange eventful history, Is second childishness, and mere oblivion—Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

MERCY

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" THE quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed; It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes. 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes The throned monarch better than his crown: His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, The attribute to awe and majesty, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings. But mercy is above this sceptred sway; It is enthroned in the hearts of kings; It is an attribute to God himself: And earthly power doth then show likest God's When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew, Though justice be thy plea, consider this-That, in the course of justice, none of us Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy; And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of mercy.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

To be, or not to be, that is the question-Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And, by opposing, end them. To die-to sleep-No more; and by a sleep to say we end The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to!-'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To die-to sleep-To sleep!-perchance to dream!-ay, there's the rub; For in that sleep of death what dreams may come When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, Must give us pause. There's the respect That makes calamity of so long life: For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, The pangs of despised love, the law's delay, The insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes, When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin! Who would fardels bear, To grunt and sweat under a weary life, But that the dread of something after death (That undiscovered country from whose bourn No traveller returns) puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear those ills we have, Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all: And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, And enterprises of great pith and moment,

With this regard, their currents turn awry, And lose the name of action.

DESDEMONA'S SONG

FROM "OTHELLO"

THE poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her
moans:

Sing willow, willow; Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones; Sing willow, willow, willow; Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve—
I called my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:

If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR"

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them, The good is oft interrèd with their bones; So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious; If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Cæsar answered it. Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

For Brutus is an honorable man; So are they all, all honorable men, Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me; But Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honorable man. He hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept: Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious: And Brutus is an honorable man. You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; And, sure, he is an honorable man. I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, But here I am to speak what I do know. You all did love him once, not without cause: What cause withholds you then to mourn for him? O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts, And men have lost their reason. Bear with me; My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, And I must pause till it come back to me.

MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank! Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold; There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st, But in his motion like an angel sings, Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins; Such harmony is in immortal souls; But whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. . . .

Therefore, the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods; Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage, But music for the time doth change his nature. The man that hath no music in himself, Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; The motions of his spirit are dull as night, And his affections dark as Erebus: Let no such man be trusted.

EPILOGUE TO "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

Now the hungry lion roars, And the wolf behowls the moon; Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow, Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud, Puts the wretch that lies in woe In remembrance of a shroud. Now it is the time of night, That the graves all gaping wide, Every one lets forth his sprite, In the church-way paths to glide: And we fairies, that do run By the triple Hecate's team, From the presence of the sun, Following darkness like a dream, Now are frolic: not a mouse Shall disturb this hallowed house: I am sent with broom before. To sweep the dust behind the door.

SONNETS

I

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

Ι

WHEN forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an ill-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,

This were to be new made when thou art old, And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

v

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet, Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

XIV

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck; And yet methinks I have astronomy, But not to tell of good or evil luck, Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality; Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell, Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind, Or say with princes if it shall go well, But oft predict that I in heaven find: But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive, And, constant stars, in them I read such art, As truth and beauty shall together thrive, If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;

Or else of thee this I prognosticate: Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

xv

WHEN I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but
shows

Whereon the stars in secret influence comment; When I perceive that men as plants increase, Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky, Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease, And wear their brave state out of memory; Then the conceit of this inconstant stay Sets you most rich in youth before my sight, Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay, To change your day of youth to sullied night; And all in war with Time for love of you,

And all in war with Time for love of you, As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVIII

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wonder'st in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st: So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

IIXX

My glass shall not persuade me I am old, So long as youth and thou are of one date; But when in thee time's furrows I behold, Then look I death my days should expiate. For all that beauty that doth cover thee Is but the seemly raiment of my heart, Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me: How can I then be elder than thou art? O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary As I, not for myself, but for thee will; Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain; Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
'That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

HIXXX

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun
staineth.

LIV

O, How much more doth beauty beauteous seem By that sweet ornament which truth doth give! The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem For that sweet odor which doth in it live. The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye As the perfumed tincture of the roses, Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:

But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distills your truth.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age; When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed, And brass eternal slave to mortal rage; When I have seen the hungry ocean gain Advantage on the kingdom of the shore, And the firm soil win of the watery main, Increasing store with loss and loss with store; When I have seen such interchange of state, Or state itself confounded to decay; Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate, That Time will come and take my love away. This thought is as a death, which cannot choose But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang. In me thou see'st the twilight of such day As after sunset fadeth in the west; Which by and by black night doth take away, Death's second self, that seals up all in rest. In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire, That on the ashes of his youth doth lie, As the death-bed whereon it must expire, Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

XCI

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:

Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take All this away and me most wretched make.

CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summer's pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
stand,

Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived: For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred; Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CIX

O, NEVER say that I was false of heart, Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify. As easy might I from myself depart As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie: That is my home of love: if I have ranged, Like him that travels, I return again; Just to the time, not with the time exchanged, So that myself bring water for my stain. Never believe, though in my nature reign'd All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood, That it could so preposterously be stain'd, To leave for nothing all thy sum of good; For nothing this wide universe I call,

Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CXVI

LET me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments. Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds, Or bends with the remover to remove: O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark, That looks on tempests and is never shaken; It is the star to every wandering bark, Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks Within his bending sickle's compass come; Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved, I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun; Coral is far more red than her lips' red: If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun; If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head. I have seen roses damask'd, red and white, But no such roses see I in her cheeks: And in some perfumes is there more delight Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks. I love to hear her speak, yet well I know That music hath a far more pleasing sound: I grant I never saw a goddess go, My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground: And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare As any she belied with false compare.

CLII

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn, But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing; In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn, In vowing new hate after new love bearing. But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee, When I break twenty! I am perjured most; For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee, And all my honest faith in thee is lost: For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness, Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy; And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness, Or make them swear against the thing they see; For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I.

To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792-1822

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

THE fountains mingle with the river And the rivers with the ocean, The winds of heaven mix for ever With a sweet emotion; Nothing in the world is single, All things by a law divine In one another's being mingle—Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven, And the waves clasp one another; No sister-flower would be forgiven If it disdain'd its brother: And the sunlight clasps the earth, And the moonbeams kiss the sea— What are all these kissings worth, If thou kiss not me?

TO THE NIGHT

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray
Star-inwrought;
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out:
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovéd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

Wouldst thou me?—And I replied No, not thee!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,

Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing, Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red, Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low, Each like a corpse within its grave, until Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air) With living hues and odors plain and hill: Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere; Destroyer and Preserver; Hear, oh hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean, Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread On the blue surface of thine airy surge, Like the bright hair uplifted from the head Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge Of the horizon to the zenith's height—
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge Of the dying year, to which this closing night Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre, Vaulted with all thy congregated might Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: Oh hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams The blue Mediterranean, where he lay, Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams, Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay, And saw in sleep old palaces and towers Quivering within the wave's intenser day, All overgrown with azure moss, and flower So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou For whose path the Atlantic's level powers Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear The sapless foliage of the ocean, know The voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh, hear!

If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than Thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision,— I would ne'er have
striven

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear:

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.

O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!

I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is: What if my leaves are falling like its own! The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone, Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce, My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe, Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth! And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind! Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind, If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

THE INVITATION

Best and brightest, come away.—
Fairer far than this fair Day.
Which, like thee, to those in sorrow
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon morn
To hoar February born;
Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,
It kiss'd the forehead of the earth,

And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free.
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains
And like a prophetess of May
Strew'd flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns, To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green, and ivy dun,
Round stems that never kiss the sun;
Where the lawns and pastures be
And the sandhills of the sea;
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new;

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

When the night is left behind In the deep east, dun and blind, And the blue noon is over us, And the multitudinous Billows murmur at our feet, Where the earth and ocean meet, And all things seem only one In the universal sun.

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I met a traveller from an antique land Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand, Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command Tell that its sculptor well those passions read Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things, The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed; And on the pedestal these words appear: "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" Nothing beside remains. Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare, The lone and level sands stretch far away.

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!

Bird thou never wert,

That from heaven, or near it

Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

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Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire.

The blue deep thou wingest,

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning Of the sunken sun

O'er which clouds are brightening, Thou dost float and run,

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear

Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-flowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden In a palace tower, Soothing her love-laden Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like 2 glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers On the twinkling grass, Rain-awaken'd flowers, All that ever was

Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymneal
Or triumphant chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal

stream?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

We look before and after. And pine for what is not: Our sincerest laughter With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn Hate, and pride, and fear; If we were things born Not to shed a tear.

I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures Of delightful sound, Better than all treasures That in books are found. Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness That thy brain must know, Such harmonious madness From my lips would flow,

The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

LINES

WHEN the lamp is shattered, The light in the dust lies dead; When the cloud is scattered. 'The rainbow's glory is shed; When the lute is broken, Sweet tones are remembered not: When the lips have spoken, Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O Love, who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee,
As the storms rock the ravens on high:
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.

From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

THRENOS

O World! O Life! O Time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—Oh, never more!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight:
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—Oh, never more!

MUSIC WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory— Odors, when sweet violets sicken, Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, Are heap'd for the beloved's bed, And so thy thoughts, when Thou art gone, Love itself shall slumber on.

QUESTION

ONE word is too often profaned For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdain'd For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love; But wilt thou accept not The worship the heart lifts above And the Heavens reject not:

The desire of the moth for the star, Of the night for the morrow, The devotion to something afar From the sphere of our sorrow?

ADONAIS

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!

O weep for Adonais, though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say: "With me
Died Adonais! Till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity."

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? Where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died! With veilèd eyes,
Mid listening Echoes, in her paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamored breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath.

He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death.

Oh weep for Adonais—he is dead! Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!— Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep, Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

For he is gone where all things wise and fair Descend. Oh dream not that the amorous deep Will yet restore him to the vital air; Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old and lonely, when his country's pride
The priest, the slave and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite
Of lust and blood. He went unterrified
Into the gulf of death; but his clear sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the Sons of
Light.

Oh weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
The passion-wingèd ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not—
Wander no more from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there whence they sprung; and mourn
their lot

Round the cold heart where, after their sweet pain, They never will gather strength or find a home again.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep— He hath awakened from the dream of life— 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep With phantoms an unprofitable strife, And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife

Invulnerable nothings. We decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living
clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn. . . .

He is made one with Nature there is heard
His voice is all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,

All new successions to the forms they wear;

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's
light.

The splendors of the firmament of time May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not; Like stars to their appointed height they climb, And death is a low mist which cannot blot The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair, And love and life contend in it, for what Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown

Rose from their thrones, built-beyond moreal
thought,

Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale—his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved;
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved....

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned Its charge to each; and if the seal is set, Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind, Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find

Thine own well full, if thou returnest home, Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb. What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass; Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly; Life, like a dome of many-colored glass, Stains the white radiance of Eternity, Until Death tramples it to fragments. Die, If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek! Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky, Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?

Thy hopes are gone before; from all things here They have departed; thou shouldst now depart! A light is passed from the revolving year, And man and woman; and what still is dear Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither. The soft sky smiles—the low wind whispers near; 'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,

No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The breath whose might I have invoked in song Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng Whose sails were never to the tempest given; The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven! I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar; Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven.

The soul of Adonais, like a star, Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I ARISE from dreams of Thee In the first sweet sleep of night, When the winds are breathing low And the stars are shining bright: I arise from dreams of thee, And a spirit in my feet Hath led me-who knows how? To thy chamber-window, Sweet! The wandering airs they faint On the dark, the silent stream-The champak odors fail Like sweet thoughts in a dream; The nightingale's complaint It dies upon her heart, As I must die on thine O belovéd as thou art! Oh lift me from the grass! I die, I faint, I fail! Let thy love in kisses rain On my lips and eyelids pale.

≫ 77 K

My cheek is cold and white, alas! My heart beats loud and fast; Oh press it close to thine again Where it will break at last.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

A MAY MADRIGAL

Sweetheart, the buds are on the tree. The birds are back once more, And with their songs they call to me To open wide my door:
So wide shall stand the door to-day Because my heart is true
To bud and bird, to mirth and May, And, most of all, to You!

Sweetheart, the leaves begin to show
The grass is green again,
And on the breeze sweet odors blow
From wild flowers in the glen:
The world is glad with voice and wing,
And all the skies are blue;
The scent, the song, the soul of Spring,
I find them all in You!

Sweetheart, the snows have gone, and now It is the mating time. Hark to the lover on the bough, What melody sublime!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

What ecstasy of passion, pride, And love and rapture, too! So door and heart stand open wide To welcome May and You!

A RHYME FOR PRISCILLA

DEAR Priscilla, quaint, and very Like a modern Puritan. Is a modest, literary, Merry young American: Horace she has read, and Bion Is her favorite in Greek: Shakspere is a mighty lion In whose den she dares but peek; Him she leaves to some sage Daniel, Since of lions she's afraid.-She prefers a playful spaniel, Such as Herrick or as Praed: And it's not a bit satiric To confess her fancy goes From the epic to a lyric On a rose.

Wise Priscilla, dilettante,
With a sentimental mind,
Does n't deign to dip in Dante,
And to Milton is n't kind;
L'Allegro, Il Penseroso,
Have some merits she will grant,
'All the rest is only so-so,—
Enter Paradise she can't!

She might make a charming angel
(And she will if she is good,
But it's doubtful if the change'll
Make the Epic understood);
Honey-suckling, like a bee she
Goes and pillages his sweets,
And it's plain enough to see she
Worships Keats.

Gay Priscilla,-just the person For the Locker whom she loves: What a captivating verse on Her neat-fitting gowns or gloves He could write in catching measure, Setting all the heart astir! And to Aldrich what a pleasure It would be to sing of her,-He, whose perfect songs have won her Lips to quote them day by day. She repeats the rhymes of Bunner In a fascinating way, And you'll often find her lost in-She has reveries at times-Some delightful one of Austin Dobson's rhymes.

O Priscilla, sweet Priscilla.

Writing of you makes me think,
As I burn my brown manila,
And immortalize my ink,
How well satisfied these poets
Ought to be with what they do,

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

When, especially, they know it's Read by such a girl as you:
I who sing of you would marry Just the kind of girl you are,—
One who doesn't care to carry Her poetic taste too far,—
One whose fancy is a bright one,
Who is fond of poems fine,
And appreciates a light one
Such as mine.

BACCHUS

LISTEN to the tawny thief, Hid beneath the waxen leaf, Growling at his fairy host, Bidding her with angry boast Fill his cup with wine distilled From the dew the dawn ha's spilled: Stored away in golden casks Is the precious draught he asks.

Who—who makes this mimic din In this mimic meadow inn, Sings in such a drowsy note, Wears a golden-belted coat; Loiters in the dainty room Of this tavern of perfume; Dares to linger at the cup Till the yellow sun is up?

Bacchus 'tis, come back again To the busy haunts of men;

Garlanded and gaily dressed, Bands of gold about his breast; Straying from his paradise, Having pinions, angel-wise— 'Tis the honey-bee, who goes Reveling within a rose!

J. SHIRLEY

1596-1666

DEATH THE LEVELLER

Trie glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late

They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow; Then boast no more your mighty deeds:

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

1554-1586

SONNETS TO STELLA

VIA AMORIS

HIGH-WAY, since you my chief Parnassus be, And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet, Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet More oft than to a chamber-melody,—

Now, blesséd you bear onward blesséd me To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall meet; My Muse and I must you of duty greet With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully;

Be you still fair, honor'd by public heed; By no encroachment wrong'd, nor time forgot; Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed; And that you know I envy you no lot Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss, Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss!

11

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies! How silently, and with how wan a face!

What! may it be that e'en in heavenly place That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?

Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case: I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.

Then, e'en of fellowship, O Moon, tell me, Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit? Are beauties there as proud as here they be? Do they above love to be loved, and yet

Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess? Do they call 'virtue' there—ungratefulness?

A DITTY

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his, By just exchange one for another given: I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss, There never was a better bargain driven: My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one, My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides: He loves my heart, for once it was his own, I cherish his because in me it bides:

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

1841-1887

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

THE royal feast was done; the King Sought some new sport to banish care, And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool, Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee Upon the monarch's silken stool; His pleading voice arose: "O Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'T is not by guilt the onward sweep Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay; "T is by our follies that so long We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire, Go crushing blossoms without end; These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

WM. GILMORE SIMMS 1806—1870

THE SWAMP FOX

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

WM. GILMORE SIMMS

We fly by day and shun its light,
But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing sabre blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress
To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press,—
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore, the smiting brand,—
And we are Marion's men, you see.

Now light the fire and cook the meal,
The last perhaps that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low.
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em, should they find the strife!
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life;
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then, not till then, they turn their steeds,
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire and lie at ease,—
The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the Colonel bend his knee,

To take his slumbers too. But hush! He's praying, comrades; 't is not strange; The man that's fighting day by day

May well, when night comes, take a change, And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoe-cake, boys, and hand
The sly and silent jug that's there;
I love not it should idly stand
When Marion's men have need of cheer.
'T is seldom that our luck affords
A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
And dry potatoes on our boards
May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log;
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
That's half the time in brake and bog
Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the flashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

What! 't is the signal! start so soon,
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
And we, Heaven help us! half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
The Swamp Fox takes us out to-night;
So clear your swords and spur your steeds,

SIMONIDES OF CEOS

There's goodly chance, I think, of fight. We follow where the Swamp Fox guides, We leave the swamp and cypress-tree, Our spurs are in our coursers' sides, And ready for the strife are we. The Tory camp is now in sight, And there he cowers within his den; He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight, He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

SIMONIDES OF CEOS

GREEK 556—468 B.C.

THERMOPYLÆ

Go, stranger, and at Sparta say,
Here is our grave:
The word she gave
We heard and we obey.

Translated by A. J. Butler

GEORGE R. SIMS

1842-1922

'OSTLER JOE

I stood at eve where the sun went down,
By a grave where a woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin
With the light of her wanton eyes;
Who sang the song that the siren sang
On the treacherous Lorelei height,
Whose face was as fair as a Summer's day
And whose heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day
From the garden above her dust—
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin,
Nor the blood-red rose of lust—
But a sweet white blossom of holy love
That grew in that one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life,
Where all else was parched and hot.

In the Summer, when the meadows
Were aglow with blue and red,
Joe, the 'ostler of "The Magpie,"
And fair Annie Smith were wed.
Plump was Annie, plump and pretty,
With a face as fair as snow;
He was anything but handsome,
Was the "Magpie's" 'ostler Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie;
They'd a cottage and a cow—
And her matronhood sat lightly
On the village beauty's brow.
Sped the months, and came a baby—
Such a blue-eyed baby boy,
Joe was working in the stables
When they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses—Gave them, then and there,
All a special feed of clover,
Just in honor of his heir.

GEORGE R. SIMS

It had been his great ambition (And he told the horses so) That the fates would send a baby Who might bear the name of Joe.

Little Joe, the child was christened,
And like babies grew apace.
He'd his mother's eyes of azure
And his father's honest face.
Swift the happy years went over,
Years of blue and cloudless sky;
Love was lord of that small cottage
And the tempest passed them by.

Down the lane by Annie's cottage Chanced a gentleman to roam; He caught a glimpse of Annie In her bright and happy home. Thrice he came and saw her sitting By the window with her child, And he nodded to the baby, And the baby laughed and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him (Little Joe was nearly four),
He would call the pretty "gemplum"
As he passed the open door.
And one day he ran and caught him,
And in child's play pulled him in;
And the baby Joe had prayed for
Brought about the mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story,
That for ages bards have sung;
'Twas a woman, weak and wanton,
And a villain's tempting tongue;
'Twas a picture deftly painted
For a silly creature's eyes,
Of the Babylonian wonders
And the joy that in them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted—
Was tempted and she fell,
As the angels fell from Heaven
To the blackest depths of Hell.
She was promised wealth and splendor
And a life of genteel sloth;
Yellow gold, for child and husband—
And the woman left them both.

Home one eve came Joe, the 'ostler, With a cheery cry of "Wife!" Finding that which blurred forever All the story of his life. She had left a silly letter, Through the cruel scrawl he spelt, Then he sought the lonely bedroom, Joined his horny hands and knelt.

"Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her, For she ain't to blame," he cried; "For I ought to seen her trouble And a-gone away and died.

GEORGE R. SIMS

Why a girl like her—God bless her— 'Twasn't likely as she'd rest With her bonny head forever On a 'ostler's ragged vest."

"It was kind o' her to bear with me
All the long and happy time;
So, for my sake please to bless her,
Though you count her deed a crime.
If so be I don't pray proper,
Lord, forgive me, for you see,
I can talk all right to 'osses,
But I'm kind o' strange with Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage
From the woman who had flown;
Joe, the baby, died that Winter,
And the man was left alone.
Ne'er the bitter word he uttered,
But in silence kissed the rod,
Saving what he told his horses,
Saving what he told to God.

Far away in mighty London
Rose the wanton into fame,
For her beauty was men's homage,
And she prospered in her shame.
Quick from lord to lord she flitted,
Higher still each prize she won,
And her rivals paled beside her
As the stars beside the sun.

Next she trod the stage half naked,
And she dragged Art's temple down
To the level of a market
For the women of the town.
And the kisses she had given
To poor 'ostler Joe for naught
With their gold and precious jewels
Rich and titled roués bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps
While her star was at its height:
Then the darkness came on swiftly
And the gloaming turned to night.
Shattered strength and faded beauty
Tore the laurels from her brow;
Of the thousands who had worshiped
Never one came near her now.

Broken down in health and fortune,
Men forgot her very name,
Till the news that she was dying
Woke the echoes of her fame,
And the papers in their gossip
Mentioned how an actress lay
Sick to death in humble lodgings,
Growing weaker every day.

One there was who read the story In a far-off country place; And that night the dying woman Woke and looked upon his face.

GEORGE R. SIMS

Once again the strong arms clasped her That had clasped her long ago, And the weary head lay pillowed On the breast of 'ostler Joe.

All the past he had forgiven—
All the sorrow and the shame;
He had found her sick and lonely
And his wife he now could claim.
Since the grand folks who had known her
One and all had slunk away,
He could clasp his long-lost darling,
And no man could say him nay.

In his arms death found her lying,
From his arms her spirit fled,
And his tears came down in torrents
As he knelt beside his dead.
Never once his love had faltered
Through her sad, unhallowed life,
And the stone above her ashes
Bears the sacred name of wife.

That's the blossom I fain would pluck to-day
From the garden above her dust;
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin
Nor the blood-red rose of lust,
But a sweet white blossom of holy love
That grew in the one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life,
Where all else was parched and hot.

SONGS FROM THE SIKH BIBLE THE STORY OF "SASI" AND "PUNÚN"

FROM "THE GURU GRANTH"

- In Trinjans of the Punjab still pass the camels of Punún laden with the Treasure, of Sasi's heart, and behind them comes Sasi, Princess of the Punjab, bewailing herself.
- One single night of joy they had together, and before the morn had opened her eyes, the Camel drivers from Punún's home came and stole the sleeping Punún from Sasi's Arms and drove the Camels across the sands of Sasi's lands.
- O! why did the lovers drink the draughts of sleep?

 Sast's Prince of men was gone!
- Sasi comes seeking still her Prince of Love and there searching the sands she dies still love-athirst!
- The Maidens of the Spinning Wheel sing the tragedy in a choric song, and bury Sasi in the dust of songs. From that dust maidenhood blooms up anew, and Sasi's sisters wish again to love.
- No death can kill Sasi, nor camels take away Punun from the Punjab, for we daily see them pas in visions of love; the camels pass before the half-closed eyes of love-lorn dreamy girls!

Translated by Puran Sing

SIKH BIBLE

ALL THE MARCH OF THINGS IS DIVINE

FROM "THE GURU GRANTH"

ALL the march of things is divine, be it of star or wind or water, or of the tree.

Miraculous is the movement of bird or beast.

A moving animal is God's Sign.

How do the moving winds give themselves trees whose leaves and boughs vibrate with passion!

All rocks split asunder to let the marching waters pass.

The bird in flight has a sovereign right over hill and dale, it is supreme.

Reverence is due to a moving thing.

Simran is the soul of love in earnest march to Heaven; long is his journey and far, far off is his home. But the Unseen pulls at his heart, the ends of the strings that pull are in the hands of the Guru, He propels all motion.

The traveller walks as He bids his steps to move.

Great is Guru Nanak's path that runs through action and strife, a slender thread of love that entwines round the traveller's heart on a march in the Infinite.

Simran is eternal stir in the soul of things!

Translated by Puran Singh

PHILIP SKELTON

1460-1529

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
Lo! on Thee I cast my care!
Reach me out Thy gracious hand:
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within:—

C. SMART

Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

C. SMART 1722—1771

THE SONG OF DAVID

HE sang of God, the mighty source Of all things, the stupendous force On which all strength depends: From Whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes, All period, power, and enterprise Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade.
Dale, champaign, grove and hill:
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said To Moses: while Earth heard in dread, And, smitten to the heart, At once, above, beneath, around, All Nature, without voice or sound, Replied, "O Lord, THOU ART."

ARABELLA EUGENIA SMITH

1552-1599

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way,
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends! I pray to-night, Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow: The way is lonely, let me feel them now.

HARRY B. SMITH

Think gently of me; I am travelworn; My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn. Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead! When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need The tenderness for which I long to-night.

HARRY B. SMITH

1860-

MY ANGELINE

SHE kept her secret well, oh, ves, Her hideous secret well. We together were cast, I knew not her past; For how was I to tell? I married her, guileless lamb I was; I'd have died for her sweet sake. How could I have known that my Angeline Had been a Human Snake? Ah, we had been wed but a week or two When I found her quite a wreck: Her limbs were tied in a double bow-knot At the back of her swan-like neck. No curse there sprang to my pallid lips, Nor did I reproach her then; I calmly untied my bonny bride And straightened her out again.

REFRAIN

My Angeline! My Angeline! Why didst disturb my mind serene? My well-belovèd circus queen, My Human Snake, my Angeline!

At night I'd wake at the midnight hour, With a weird and haunted feeling, And there she'd be, in her robe de nuit,

A-walking upon the ceiling.

She said she was being "the human fly,"

And she'd lift me up from beneath By a section slight of my garb of night,

Which she held in her pearly teeth.

For the sweet, sweet sake of the Human Snake
I'd have stood this conduct shady;
But she skipped in the end with an old, old friend,

An eminent bearded lady.

But, oh, at night, when my slumber's light, Regret comes o'er me stealing; For I miss the sound of those little feet,

As they pattered along the ceiling.

REFRAIN

My Angeline! My Angeline! Why didst disturb my mind screne? My well-belovèd circus queen, My Human Snake, my Angeline!

LANGDON SMITH

1858-1908

EVOLUTION

WHEN you were a tadpole and I was a fish In the Palaeozoic time, And side by side, on the ebbing tide, We sprawled through the ooze and slime, Or skittered with many a caudal flip

LANGDON SMITH

Through the depths of the Cambrian fen, My heart was rife with the joy of life, For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift,
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of Time,
The hot lands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed, And drab as a dead man's hand: We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees, Or trailed through the mud and sand, Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet, Writing a language dumb, With never a spark in the empty dark To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived and happy we loved, And happy we died once more:
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold Of a Neocomian shore.
The xons came and the xons fled, And the sleep that wrapped us fast Was riven away in a newer day, And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees We swung in our airy flights; Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms, In the hush of the moonless nights.

And oh, what beautiful years were these, When our hearts clung each to each; When life was filled, and our senses thrilled In the first faint dawn of speech!

Thus life by life, and love by love, We passed through the cycles strange; And breath by breath, and death by death, We followed the chain of change; Till there came a time in the law of life When over the nursing sod The shadows broke, and the soul awoke In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull, And tusked like the great Cave Bear; And you, my sweet, from head to feet, Were gowned in your glorious hair. Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave, When the nights fell o'er the plain, And the moon hung red o'er the river bed, We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft:
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
And fitted it, head to haft.
Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,
Where the Mammoth came to drink:
Through brawn and bone I drave the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonless wastes, Loud answered our kith and kin:

LANGDON SMITH

From west and east to the crimson feast The clan came trooping in. O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof, We fought and clawed and tore, And cheek by jowl, with many a growl, We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone, With rude and hairy hand:
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall,
That men might understand.
For we lived by blood, and the right of might,
Ere human laws were drawn,
And the Age of Sin did not begin
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,
In a time that no man knows;
Yet here tonight, in the mellow light,
We sit at Delmonico's.
Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
Your hair as dark as jet:
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay, And the scarp of the Purbeck flags: We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones, And deep in the Coralline crags. Our love is old, our lives are old, And death shall come amain: Should it come today, what man may say We shall not live again?

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds, And furnished them wings to fly:
He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn, And I know that it shall not die;
Though cities have sprung above the graves
Where the crook-boned men made war,
And the ox-wain creeks o'er the buried caves,
Where the mummied Mammoths are.

For we know that the clod, by the grace of God, Will quicken with voice and breath;
And we know that Love, with gentle hand,
Will beckon from death to death.
And so, as we linger at luncheon here,
Over many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a tadpole and I wash a fish.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

1771-1845

AMERICA

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee, Land of the noble free,— Thy name I love;

≥ 106 €

ROBERT SOUTHEY

I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

'How does the Water Come down at Lodore?' My little boy ask'd me Thus, once on a time; And moreover he task'd me To tell him in rhyme. Anon at the word,

> 107 €

There first came one daughter And then came another, To second and third The request of their brother, And to hear how the water Comes down at Lodore. With its rush and its roar, As many a time They had seen it before. So I told them in rhyme, For of rhymes I had store: And 'twas in my vocation For their recreation That so I should sing; Because I was Laureate To them and the King.

From its sources which well In the Tarn on the fell; From its fountains In the mountains, Its rills and its gills; Through moss and through brake, It runs and it creeps For awhile, till it sleeps In its own little Lake. And thence at departing, Awakening and starting, It runs through the reeds And away it proceeds, Through meadow and glade, In sun and in shade, And through the wood-shelter.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoaking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The Cataract strong Then plunges along, Striking and raging As if a war waging Its caverns and rocks among: Rising and leaping, Sinking and creeping, Swelling and sweeping, Showering and springing, Flying and flinging, Writhing and ringing, Eddying and whisking, Spouting and frisking, Turning and twisting, Around and around With endless rebound! Smiting and fighting, A sight to delight in; Confounding, astounding,

Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting, Receding and speeding, And shocking and rocking, And darting and parting, And threading and spreading, And whizzing and hissing, And dripping and skipping, And hitting and splitting, And shining and twining, And rattling and battling, And shaking and quaking, And pouring and roaring, And waving and raving, And tossing and crossing, And flowing and going, And running and stunning, And foaming and roaming, And dinning and spinning, And dropping and hopping, And working and jerking, And guggling and struggling, And heaving and cleaving, And mouning and grouning:

And glittering and frittering, And gathering and feathering, And whitening and brightening, And quivering and shivering, And hurrying and skurrying, And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding, And falling and brawling and sprawling,

ROBERT SOUTHEY

And driving and riving and striving, And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling, And sounding and bounding and rounding, And bubbling and troubling and doubling, And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling, And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting, Delaying and straying and playing and spraying, Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing, Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling, And gleaming and streaming and steaming and

beaming,

And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing, And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping, And curling and whirling and purling and twirling, And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,

And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing; And so never ending, but always descending, Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending, All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar, And this way the Water comes down at Lodore.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy, Who stood expectant by; And then the old man shook his head, And with a natural sigh, '"Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he, 'Who fell in the great victory.

'I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.'

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
 'Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out;
But everybody said,' quoth he,
 'That 'twas a famous victory.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword the country round Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.'
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!'
Said little Wilhelmine.
'Nay . . . nay . . . my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.

'And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.'
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

EDMUND SPENSER

1552-1599

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CANTO I

The Patron of true Holinesse, Foule Errour doth defeate: Hypocrisie him to entrappe, Doth to his home entreate.

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Y cladd in mightie armes and siluer shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloudy fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

But on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,

The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as liuing euer him ador'd:
Vpon his shield the like was also scor'd.
For soueraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but euer was ydrad.

Vpon a great aduenture he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gaue,
That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerie lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to haue,

Which of all earthly things he most did craue; And euer as he rode, his hart did earne To proue his puissance in battell braue Vpon his foe, and his new force to learne; Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A louely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Vpon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Vnder a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And ouer all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heavie sat vpon her palfrey slow:
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

So pure an innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and euery vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne
shore,

And all the world in their subjection held; Till that infernall feend with foule vprore Forwasted all their land, and then expeld:

Whom to auenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd in being euer last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine ouercast,

And angry love an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That every wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were
fain.

Enforst to seeke some couert nigh at hand,
A shadie groue not far away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose loftie trees yelad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred
arre.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony.
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they prayse the trees so straight and
hy,
The sayling Pine, the Cedar, proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staues, the Cypresse funerall.

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours

And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,
The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,

The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound, The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill, The fruitfull Oliue, and the Platane round, The caruer Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Vntill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When weening to return, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was
showne,

But wander too and fro in waies unknowne, Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene, That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:

So many pathes, so may turnings seene, That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

At last resolving forward still to fare,

Till that some end they finde, or in or out,

That path they take that beaten seemd most
bare,

And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave,
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,

And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde, Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke: The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,

Breedes dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is without smoke;

And perill without show: therefore your stroke, Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made. Ah Ladie (said he) shame were to revoke The forward footing for an hidden shade:

Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.

Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
I better wot then you, though nowe too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this Errours den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe) this is no place for living
men.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull Knight could not for ought be
staide.

But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade;
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground, Her huge long taile her den all overspred,

Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound, Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed, Sucking vpon her poisnous dugs, each one Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored: Soone as that vncouth light upon them shone, Into her mouth they crept, and suddaine all were gone.

Their dam vpstart, out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without
entraile.

She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,

Where plaine none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angry string, him to dismay:
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:
The stroke down from her head vnto her shoulder

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd, Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,

glaunst.

And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he strove in vaine:
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse
traine.

His Ladie, sad to see his sore constraint, Cride out, Now, now, Sir knight, shew what ye bee,

Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint:
Strange her, els she sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine;
And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great
paine,

That soone to loose her wicked bands did her con-

straine.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumpes of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did
lacke,

And creeping sought way in the weedy gras: Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

As when old father Nilus gins to swell

With timely pride aboue the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves do fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there
breed

Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male And partly female of his fruitfull seed; Such vgly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man reed.

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no longer fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceiu'd to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at

As gentle Shepheard in sweete euen-tide,
When ruddy $Pb \infty bus$ gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which do byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of combrous gnattes do him molest,
All striuing to infixe their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,

Then of the certaine perill he stood in,

Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,

Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,

Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;

And strooke at her with more then manly force,

That from her body full of filthie sin

He raft her hatefull head without remorse;

A streame of cole black bloud forth gushed from

her corse.

Her scattred brood, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselues about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to haue found
At her wide mouth: but being there withstood
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked vp their dying mothers blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their
good.

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th'vnkindly Impes of heauen accurst,
Deuoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Hauing all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst;
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,

His foes haue slaine themselves, with whom he should contend.

His Ladie seeing all, that chaunst, from farre
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And said, Faire knight, borne vnder happy starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye;
Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
Wherein ye haue great glory wonne this day,
And proou'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first aduenture: many such I pray,
And henceforth euer wish, that like succeed it may.

Then mounted he vpon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne euer would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one vnto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new aduenture sought;
Long way he trauelled, before he heard of ought.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yelad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voyde of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low, Who faire him quited, as that courteous was: And after asked him, if he did know

Of straunge aduentures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that liues in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred euill ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.
Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquere,
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature liues so long a space.

Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight
May euer passe, but thorough great distresse.
Now (sayd the Lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might?
The Sunne that measures heauen all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waues
emong.

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Vntroubled night they say gives counsell best.
Right well Sir knight ye have advised bin,
(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win

Is wisely to aduise: now day is spent; Therefore with me ye may take up your In For this same night. The knight was well content: So with that godly father to his home they went.

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In trauell to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy Chappell edifyde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and euentyde:
Thereby a Christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,

Ne looke for entertainement, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas:
For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas;
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe them
biddes.

Vnto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes: Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes, He to his study goes, and there amiddes

His Magick bookes and artes of sundry kindes, He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

Then choosing out few wordes most horrible, (Let none them read) thereof did verses frame, With which and other spelles like terrible. He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame, And cursed heaven, and spake reprochfull shame Of highest God, the Lord of life and light; A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name Great Gorgon, Prince of darknesse and dead night, At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred Legions of Sprights, the which like little flyes Fluttring about his euer damned hed, A-waite whereto their seruice he applyes, To aide his friends, or fray his enimies: Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo, And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes; The one of them he gaue a message too, The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

He making speedy way through spersed ayre, And through the world of waters wide and deepe, To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire. Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe, And low, where dawning day doth neuer peepe, His dwelling is: there Tethys his wet bed Doth euer wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe In silver deaw his euer-drouping hed, Whiles sad Night ouer him her mantle black doth

spred.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakefull dogges before them farre do lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And vnto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,

A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling
downe

And euer-drizling raine upon the loft, Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne

Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne: No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes, As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne, Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes, Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

The messenger approching to him spake,
But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,

Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence

breake.

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned vnto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting vp his lumpish head, with blame
Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

The God obayde, and calling forth straight way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie hed, devoide of carefull carke,
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and
starke.

He backe returning by the Yuorie dore, Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke, And on his litle winges the dreame he bore In hast vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Ladie of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and ouer it
Cast a blacke stole, most like to seeme for Una fit

Now when that idle dreame was to him brought, Vnto that Elfin knight he bade him fly,

Where he slept soundly void of evill thought, And with false shewes abuse his fantasy, In sort as he him schooled privily; And that new creature borne without her dew, Full of the makers guile, with usage sly He taught to imitate that Lady trew, Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

Thus well instructed, to their worke they hast,
And comming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one vpon his hardy hed him plast,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfill play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy:
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy
Her chast hart had subdewd, to learne Dame
Pleasures toy.

And she her selfe of beautie soveraigne Queene,
Faire Venus seemde vnto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking evermore did weene
To be the chastest flowre, that ay did spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen Hymen, dauncing all around,
Whilst freshest Flora her with Yuie girlond crownd.

In this great passion of unwonted lust, Or wonted feare of doing ought amis, He started up, as seeming to mistrust Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:

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Lo there before his face his Lady is,
Vnder blake stole hyding her bayted hooke,
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him
took.

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight:
But hasty heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe aduise
To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands in wemens pitteous wise,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth,
Both for her noble bloud, and for her tender youth.

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue, Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate, And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue, Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate, For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate? Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die. Die is my dew: yet rew my wretched state You, whom my hard auenging destinie Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently.

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leaue
My Fathers kingdome, There she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speach seemd to bereaue,
And then againe begun, My weaker yeares
Captiu'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde:

Let me not dye in languor and long teares. Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?

What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me

affrayd?

Loue of your selfe, she said, and deare constraint
Lets me not sleepe, but wast the wearie night
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth: yet since no' vntruth he knew,
Her fawning loue with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend, but said, Deare dame I rew,
That for my sake vnknowne such griefe vnto you
grew.

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound;
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words, that could not chuse but
please,

So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

Long after lay he musing at her mood, Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light, For whose defence he was to shed his blood. At last dull wearinesse of former fight Hauing yrockt a sleepe his irkesome spright,

That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine, With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight:
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

ASTROPHEL

SHEPHEARDS that wont on pipes of oaten reed, Oft times to plaine your loues concealed smart: And with your piteous layes have learnd to breed Compassion in a countrey lasses hart. Hearken ye gentle shepheards to my song, And place my doleful plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse, The mournfulst verse that euer man heard tell: To you whose softened hearts it may empierse, With delours dart for death of Astrophel. To you I sing and to none other wight, For well I wont my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read: Thine he, that such are for such ones most fit, Made not to please the living but the dead. And if in him found pity euer place, Let him be moov'd to pity such a case.

A Gentle Shepheard borne in Arcady, Of gentlest race that euer shepheard bore: About the grassie bancks of Haemony, Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store, Full carefully he kept them day and night, In fairest fields, and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel the pride of shepheards praise, Young Astrophel the rusticke lasses loue: Far passing all the pastors of his daies, In all that seemly shepheard might behoue. In one thing onely fayling of the best, That he was not so happie as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his mother Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed, A sclender swaine excelling far each other, In comely shape, like her that did him breed, He grew up fast in goodnesse and in grace, And doubly faire wox both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment, With gentle usage and demeanure myld:
That all mens hearts with secret rauishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguyld.
Ne spight it selfe that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his joyance innocent, Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall: And he himselfe seemd made for meriment, Merily masking both in bowre and hall. There was no pleasure nor delightfull play, When Astrophel so euer was away.

For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll sweet, Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast: As Somers larke that with her song doth greet The dawning day forth comming from the East. And layes of love he also could compose. Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo, Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name, Or make for them as he was wont to doo, For her that did his heart with loue inflame. For which they promised to dight, for him, Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke, Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill: Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke, To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill. And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime, Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit, Yet wood Gods for them often sighed sore: Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit, Yet not unworthie of the countries store. For one alone he cared, for one he sight His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire:
A fairer star saw never living eie,
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.
Her he did loue, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all vpon her.

To her he vowd the service of his daies, On her he spent the riches of his wit: For her he made hymnes of immortall praise, Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ. Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed, For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he vowed, And verses vaine (yet verses are not vaine) But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed, And bold atchievements her did entertaine. For both in deeds and words he nourtred was, Both wise and hardie (too hardie alas).

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift, In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong: Well made a strike, to throw, to leape to lift, And all the sports that shepheards are emong. In euery one he vanquisht euery one, He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting, such felicitie,
Or rather infelicitie he found:
That euery field and forest far away,
He sought, where saluage beasts do most abound.
No beast so saluage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill matcht with such courage as he had, Did prick him foorth with proud desire of praise: To seek abroad, of daunger nought y'drad, His mistresse name, and his owne fame to raise. What needeth perill to be sought abroad, Since round about vs, it doth make aboad?

It fortuned, as he that perilous game In forreine soyle pursued far away: Into a forest wide and waste he came Where store he heard to be of saluage pray. So wide a forest and so waste as this, Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo is.

There his welwouen toyles and subtil traines He laid, the brutish nation to enwrap: So well he wrought with practise and with paines, That he of them great troups did soone entrap. Full happie man (misweening much) was hee, So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones all heedlesse of his dearest hale, Full greedily into the heard he thrust: To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale, Least that his toyle should of their troups be brust. Wide wounds emongst them many one he made, Now with his sharp borespear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill, That none might scape (so partiall vnto none) Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill, As to become unmyndfull of his owne. But pardon that vnto the cruell skies, That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout,
A cruell beast of most accursed brood
Vpon him turnd (despeyre makes cowards stout)
And with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischieuous might,
That it both bone and muscles ryued quight.

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound, And so huge streames of blood thereout did flow, That he endured not the direfull stound, But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw. The whiles the captiue heard his nets did rend, And having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah where were ye this while his shepheard peares, To whom aliue was nought so deare as hee:
And ye faire Mayds the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee?
Ah where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed?

Ah wretched boy the shape of dreryhead, And sad ensample of mans suddein end: Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead, Vnpitied, vnplaynd, of foe or frend. Whilest none is nigh, thine eylids vp to close, And kisse thy lips like faded leaues of rose.

A sort of shepheards sewing of the chace, As they the forest raunged on a day: By fate or fortune came vnto the place, Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay. Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still haue bled, Had not good hap those shepheards thether led.

They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was) And in their armes then softly did him reare: Tho (as he wild) vnto his loued lasse, His dearest loue him dolefully did beare. The dolefulst beare that euer man did see, Was Astrophel, but dearest vnto mee.

She when she saw her loue in such a plight, With crudled blood and filthie gore deformed: That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight, And her deare fauours dearly well adorned, Her face, the fairest face, that eye mote see, She likewise did deforme like him to bee.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long, As Sunny beames in fairest somers day She fiersly tore, and with outragious wrong From her red cheeks the roses rent away. And her faire brest the threasury of ioy, She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face impictured with death, She bathed oft with teares and dried oft: And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath, Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft. And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought, But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret, And piteous mone the which she for him made, No toong can tell, nor any forth can set, But he whose heart like sorrow did inuade. At last when paine his vitall powres had spent, His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not a whit, But after him did make vntimely haste: Forth with her ghost out of her corps did flit, And followed her make like Turtle chaste. To proue that death their hearts cannot divide, Which living were in love so firmly tide.

The Gods which all things see, this same beheld, And pittying this paire of louers trew, Transformed them there lying on the field, Into one flowre that is both red and blew. It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade, Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares, As fairly formd as any star in skyes: Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares, Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes, And all the day it standeth full of deow, Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some, Starlight is cald by name, Of others *Penthia*, though not so well But thou where euer thou doest finde the same, From this day forth do call it *Astrophel*. And when so euer thou it vp doest take, Do pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe, The shepheards all which loued him full deare, And sure full deare of all he loued was, Did thether flock to see what they did heare. And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed. The same with bitter tears they all bedewed.

And euery one did make exceeding mone, With inward anguish and great griefe opprest: And euery one did weep and waile, and mone, And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best. That from that houre since first on grassic greene Shepheards kept sheep, was not like mourning seen.

But first his sister that Clorinda hight, The gentlest shepheardesse that lives this day: And most resembling both in shape and spright Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay. Which least I marre the sweetnesse of the vearse, In sort as she it sung, I will rehearse.

Ay me, to whom shall I my case complaine, What may compassion my impatient grief And where shall I enfold my inward paine That my enriuen heart may find relief? Shall I vnto the heauenly powres it show? Or vnto earthly men that dwell below?

The heauens? ah they alas the authors were: And workers of my vnremedied wo: For they foresee what to vs happens here, And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.

From them comes good, from them comes also il, That which they made, who can them warne to spill.

To men? ah they alas like wretched bee,
And subject to the heauens ordinance:
Bound to abide what euer they decree,
Their best redresse, is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,

The which no lesse, need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne, Sith none aliue like sorrowfull remaines: And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne, To pay their vsury with doubled paines. The woods, the hills, the rivers shall resound

The woods, the hills, the rivers shall resound. The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills and rivers, now are desolate, Sith he is gone the which them all did grace: And all the fields do waile their widow state, Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.

The fairest flowre in field that euer grew, Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rew,

EDMUND SPENSER

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne, Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre? Vntimely cropt, before it well were growne, And cleane defaced in vntimely howre.

Great losse to all that euer him did see, Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee.

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards lasses, Sith the faire flowre, which them adornd, is gon: The flowre, which them adornd, is gone to ashes, Neuer againe let lasse put gyrlond on.

In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cypres nowe, And bitter Elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne euer sing the loue-layes which he made, Who euer made such layes of loue as hee? Ne euer read the riddles, which he sayd Vnto your selues, to make you mery glee. Your mery glee is now laid all abed,

Your mery glee is now laid all abed, Your mery maker now alasse is dead.

Death the deuourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you and reft fro me my ioy:
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.
Ioy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee.

Shepheards hope neuer like againe to see.

Oh death that hast vs of such riches reft, Tell vs at least, what hast thou with it done? What is become of him whose flowre here left Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone.

Scarse like the shadow of that which he was, Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas.

But that immortal spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestial grace:
By soveraine choyce from th' heuenly quires select,
And lineally deriv'd from Angels race,

O what is now of it become, aread. Ay me, can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah no; it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aie, in blisfull Paradise:
Where like a new-borne babe it solt doth lie.
In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise.
And compast all about with roses sweet,
And daintie violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds all of Celestial brood, To him do sweetly caroll day and night: And with straunge notes, of him well vnderstood, Lull him a sleep in Angelick delight;

Whilest in sweet dreame of him presented bee Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees and takes exceeding pleasure Of their divine aspects, appearing plaine, And kindling loue in him above all measure, Sweet loue still ioyous, never feeling paine. For what so goodly forme he there doth see, He may enioy from jealous rancor free.

There liveth he in everlasting blis,

Sweet spirit neuer fearing more to die:

Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,

Ne fearing salvage beasts more crueltie.

Whilest we here wretches wailes his private lack,

And with vaine yowes do often call him back.

LEONORA SPEYER

But live thou there still happie, happie spirit,
And give vs leave thee here thys to lament:
Not thee that doest thy heavens ioy inherit,
But our owne selves that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies,
Mourning in others, our owne miseries.

Which when she ended had, another swaine Of gentle wit and daintie sweet device: Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine, Whilest here he liv'd, and held in passing price, Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne. And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe, As euerie one in order lov'd him best, Gan dight themselves t' expresse their inward woe, With dolefull layes vnto the time addrest, The which I here in order will rehearse, As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.

LEONORA SPEYER

1872-

DUET

(I SING WITH MYSELF)

Out of my sorrow
I'll build a stair,
And every to-morrow
Will climb to me there—

With ashes of yesterday In its hair.

≥ 143 €

My fortune is made Of a stab in the side, My debts are paid In pennies of pride—

Unminted coins
In a heart I hide.

The stones that I eat
Are ripe for my needs,
My cup is complete
With the dregs of deeds—

Clear are the notes Of my broken reeds.

I can carry my pack Of aches and stings, Light with the lack Of all good things—

> But not on my back, Because of my wings!

THE LADDER

I HAD a sudden vision in the night—
I did not sleep, I dare not say I dreamed—
Beside my bed a pallid ladder gleamed
And lifted upward to the sky's dim height:
And every rung shone strangely in that light,
And every rung a woman's body seemed,
Outstretched, and down the sides her long hair streamed,

F. L. STANTON

And you—you climbed that ladder of delight!
You climbed, sure-footed, naked rung by rung,
Clasped them and trod them, called them by their
name,

And my name too I heard you speak at last, You stood upon my breast the while and flung A hand up to the next! And then—oh shame— I kissed the foot that bruised me as it passed.

F. L. STANTON

1857-1927

WEARYIN' FOR YOU

JEST a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you, wondering when
You'll be comin' home agen;
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Keep a-mopin' day by day;
Dull—in everybody's way.
Folks they smile and pass along,
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong;
'Twouldn't help 'em if they knew—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Room's so lonesome, with your chair Empty by the fireplace there; Jest can't stand the sight of it; Go out doors and roam a bit; But the woods is lonesome, too— Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Comes the wind with soft caress Like the rustlin' of your dress; Blossoms fallin' to the ground Softly like your footsteps sound; Violets like your eyes so blue,— Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Mornin' comes. The birds awake (Use to sing so for your sake;)
But there's sadness in the notes
That come thrillin' from their throats!
Seem to feel your absence, too—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Evenin' falls. I miss you more
When the dark gloom's in the door;
Seems jest like you orter be
There to open it for me!
Latch goes tinklin'—thrills me through;
Sets me wearyin' for you.

Jest a-wearyin' for you!
All the time a-feelin' blue!
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen.
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

CLARENCE EDMUND STEDMAN

CLARENCE EDMUND STEDMAN 1833—1908

PAN IN WALL STREET

Just where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'T was Pan himself had wandered here A-strolling through this sordid city,

And piping to the civic ear

The prelude of some pastoral ditty!

The demigod had crossed the seas,—

From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,

And Syracusan times,—to these

Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;
But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarlëd horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley;
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stayed to list,—
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

CLARENCE EDMUND STEDMAN

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long In tattered cloak of army pattern, And Galatea joined the throng,—

A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;

While old Silenus staggered out

From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,

And bade the piper, with a shout, To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut-girl Like little Fauns began to caper: His hair was all in tangled curl,

Her tawny legs were bare and taper;

And still the gathering larger grow,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,

While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,

Or by the Arethusan water!

New forms may fold the speech, new lands

Arise within these ocean-portals,

But Music waves eternal wands,— Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I,—but among us trod A man in blue, with legal baton,

And scoffed the vagrant demigod,

And pushed him from the step I sat on.

Doubting I mused upon the cry,

"Great Pan is dead!"-and all the people

Went on their ways:—and clear and high The quarter sounded from the steeple.

MORGAN

OH, what a set of Vagabundos,
Sons of Neptune, sons of Mars,
Raked from todos otros mundos,
Lascars, Gascons, Portsmouth tars,
Prison mate and dock-yard fellow,
Blades to Meg and Molly dear,
Off to capture Porto Bello
Sailed with Morgan the Buccaneer!

Out they voyaged from Port Royal (Fathoms deep its ruins be, Pier and convent, fortress loyal, Sunk beneath the gaping sea); On the Spaniard's beach they landed, Dead to pity, void of fear,—Round their blood-red flag embanded, Led by Morgan the Buccaneer.

Dawn till dusk they stormed the castle,
Beat the gates and gratings down;
Then, with ruthless rout and wassail,
Night and day they sacked the town,
Staved the bins its cellars boasted,
Port and Lisbon, tier on tier,
Quaffed to heart's content, and toasted
Harry Morgan the Buccaneer:

Stripped the church and monastery,
Racked the prior for his gold,
With the traders' wives made merry,
Lipped the young and mocked the old,

J. K. STEPHEN

Diced for hapless señoritas
(Sire and brother bound anear),—
Juanas, Lolas, Manuelitas,
Cursing Morgan the Buccaneer.

Lust and rapine, flame and slaughter,
Forayed with the Welshman grim:
"Take my pesos, spare my daughter!"
"Ha! ha!" roared that devil's limb,
"These shall jingle in our pouches,
She with us shall find good cheer."
"Lash the graybeard till he crouches!"
Shouted Morgan the Buccaneer.

Out again through reef and breaker,
While the Spaniard moaned his fate,
Back they voyaged to Jamaica,
Flush with doubloons, coins of eight,
Crosses wrung from Popish varlets,
Jewels torn from arm and ear,—
Jesu! how the Jews and harlots
Welcomed Morgan the Buccaneer!

J. K. STEPHEN

1882-

LAPSUS CALAMI

WILL there never come a season Which shall rid us from the curse Of a prose which knows no reason And an unmelodious verse:

When the world shall cease to wonder At the genius of an ass, And a boy's eccentric blunder Shall not bring success to pass:

When mankind shall be delivered From the clash of magazines, And the inkstand shall be shivered Into countless smithereens:
When there stands a muzzled stripling, Mute, beside a muzzled bore:
When the Rudyards cease from kipling And the Haggards ride no more.

GEORGE STERLING

1869-1926

THE BLACK VULTURE

Aloof upon the day's immeasured dome, He holds unshared the silence of the sky. Far down his bleak, relentless eyes descry. The eagle's empire and the falcon's home—Far down, the galleons of sunset roam; His hazards on the sea of morning lie; Serene, he hears the broken tempest sigh. Where cold sierras gleam like scattered foam.

And least of all he holds the human swarm— Unwitting now that envious men prepare To make their dream and its fulfillment one When, poised above the caldrons of the storm, Their hearts, contemptuous of death, shall dare His roads between the thunder and the sun.

GEORGE STERLING

WILLY SMITH AT THE BALL GAME

HAPPY, he heard the crass brass band—Music adrift from Samarkand,

Or breath of trumpets faintly blown From walls where Helen walked alone.

Not there a sweating batsman stood, But St. George in the dragon's wood.

Sir Nigel rode with nodding plume, And Drake rehearsed the Spaniard's doom.

Achilles and the captains came To set the towers of Troy aflame.

A paladin of old romance Stood balancing a starry lance—

The ball, a foeman's flaming dart, The bat, a shield before the heart.

The cause of good and evil then Was judged and cried before all men—

The reckoned war, the unending strife That brave the tournament of life—

The old Illusion and its Rose, With joy to friends and death to foes.

Bending above the lists he saw The workings of colossal Law:

A world arraigned saw justice done And good enthroned: the home team won!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON 1850-1894

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky Dig the grave and let me lie: Glad did I live and gladly die, And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me: Here he lies where he longed to be: Home is the sailor, home from sea, And the hunter home from the hill.

IF THIS WERE FAITH

God, if this were enough, That I see things bare to the buff And up to the buttocks in mire; That I ask nor hope nor hire, Nut in the husk, Nor dawn beyond dusk: God, if this were faith?

Having felt Thy wind in my face Spit sorrow and disgrace, Having seen Thine evil doom In Golgotha and Khartoum, And the brutes, the work of Thine hands, Fill with injustice lands And stain with blood the sea; If still in my veins the glee

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Of the black night and the sun
And the lost battle, run;
If, an adept,
The iniquitous lists I still accept
With joy, and joy to endure and be withstood,
And still to battle and perish for a dream of good—
God, if that were enough?

If to feel, in the ink of the slough,
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire
Run through and transpierce and transpire,
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;
To thrill with the joy of girded men,
To go on forever and fail and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing
not seen with the eyes;
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at
night

That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough—
Lord, if that were enough?

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

If I had faltered more or less In my great task of happiness; If I have moved among my race And shown no glorious morning face; If beams from happy human eyes Have moved me not; if morning skies,

Books, and my food, and summer rain Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take And stab my spirit broad awake; Or, Lord, if too obdurate I, Choose thou, before that spirit die, A piercing pain, a killing sin, And to my dead heart run them in!

EVENSONG

THE embers of the day are red
Beyond the murky hill.
The kitchen smokes: the bed
In the darkling house is spread:
The great sky darkens overhead,
And the great woods are shrill.
So far have I been led,
Lord, by Thy will:
So far I have followed, Lord, and wondered still.

The breeze from the emblamed land
Blows sudden toward the shore,
And claps my cottage door.
I hear the signal, Lord—I understand.
The night at Thy command
Comes. I will eat and sleep and will not question
more.

MY WIFE

TRUSTY, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight,
The great artificer
Made my mate.

≥ 156 K

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Honor, anger, valor, fire;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench or evil stir,
The mighty master
Gave to her.

Teacher tender, comrade wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free
The august father
Gave to me.

THE VAGABOND

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me—
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river:
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me Where afield I linger,

Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger:
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me.
All I ask the heaven above,
And the road below me.

YOUTH AND LOVE

Once only by the garden gate
Our lips we joined and parted.
I must fulfil an empty fate
And travel the uncharted.

Hail and farewell! I must arise, Leave here the fatted cattle, And paint on foreign land and skies My Odyssey of battle.

The untented Kosmos my abode, I pass, a wilful stranger: My mistress still the open road And the bright eyes of danger.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Come ill or well, the cross, the crown,
The rainbow or the thunder,
I fling my soul and body down
For God to plough them under.

IN THE SEASON

It is the season now to go About the country high and low, Among the lilacs hand in hand, And two by two in fairy land.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid, Wholly fain and half afraid, Now meet along the hazelled brook To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and blithely paired, Their rough-and-tumble play they shared; They kissed and quarrelled, laughed and cried, A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart, with fiery face, She strove against him in the race; He unabashed her garter saw, That now would touch her skirts with awe.

Now by the stile ablaze she stops, And his demurer eyes he drops; Now they exchange averted sighs Or stand and marry silent eyes.

And he to her a hero is And sweeter she than primroses;

Their common silence dearer far Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now when they sever wedded hands, Joy trembles in their bosom-strands, And lovely laughter leaps and falls Upon their lips in madrigals.

THE LAND OF NOD

FROM breakfast on through all the day At home among my friends I stay, But every night I go abroad Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go, With none to tell me what to do— All alone beside the streams And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me, Both things to eat and things to see, And many frightening sights abroad Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way, I never can get back by day, Nor can remember plain and clear The curious music that I hear.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

PIRATE STORY

Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,
And waves are on the meadow like the waves

there are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, to-day that we're afloat, Wary of the weather and steering by a star? Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat, To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here's a squadron a-rowing on the sea— Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar! Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad as they can be,

The wicket is the harbor and the garden is the shore.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay a-bed I had two pillows at my head, And all my toys beside me lay To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets All up and down among the sheets;

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Or brought my trees and houses out, And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still That sits upon the pillow-hill, And sees before him, dale and plain, The pleasant land of counterpane.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

1825-1903

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better, Under manhood's sterner reign: Still we feel that something sweet Followed youth, with flying feet, And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished, And we sigh for it in vain: We behold it everywhere, On the earth, and in the air, But it never comes again.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

THE DYING LOVER

THE grass that is under me now Will soon be over me, Sweet: When you walk this way again, I shall not hear your feet.

You may walk this way again And shed your tears like dew: They will be no more to me then Than mine are now to you.

ORIENTAL SONG

THE DIVAN

A LITTLE maid of Astrakan,
An idol on a silk divan;
She sits so still, and never speaks,
She holds a cup of mine;
'T is full of wine, and on her cheeks
Are stains and smears of wine.

Thou little girl of Astrakan,
I join thee on the silk divan:
There is no need to seek the land,
The rich bazaars where rubies shine;
For mines are in that little hand,
And on those little cheeks of thine.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

1819-1895

FROM "CLEOPATRA"

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets;
They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows—
They are hot where I have lain:
Open the lattice wider,
A gauze o'er my bosom throw,

And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony
And in his arms I lay;
Ah me! the vision has vanished—
The music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have perished—
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor,
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves,
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute, and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

Leave me to gaze at the landscape Mistily stretching away, Where the afternoon's opaline tremors O'er the mountains quivering play Till the fiercer splendor of sunset Pours from the west its fire. And melted, as in a crucible, Their earthly forms expire; And the bald blear skull of the desert With glowing mountains is crowned, That, burning like molten jewels, Circle its temples round. I will lie and dream of the past time. Æons of thought away, And through the jungle of memory Loosen my fancy to play; When, a smooth and velvety tiger, Ribbed with yellow and black, Supple and cushion-footed, I wandered where never a track Of a human creature had rustled The silence of mighty woods, And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom, I knew but the law of my moods. The elephant, trumpeting, started When he heard my footstep near, And the spotted giraffes fled wildly In a yellow cloud of fear. I sucked in the noontide splendor Ouivering along the glade, Or yawning, panting, and dreaming, Basked in the tamarisk shade, Till I heard my wild mate roaring,

As the shadows of night came on To brood in the trees' thick branches, And the shadow of sleep was gone;

Then I roused and roared in answer,

And unsheathed from my cushioned feet

My curving claws, and stretched me And wandered my mate to greet.

We toyed in the amber moonlight,

Upon the warm flat sand,

And struck at each other our massive arms-

How powerful he was and grand!

His yellow eyes flashed fiercely

As he crouched and gazed at me, And his quivering tail, like a serpent,

Twitched curving nervously;

Then like a storm he seized me, With a wild, triumphant cry,

And we met as two clouds in heaven

When the thunders before them fly; We grappled and struggled together,

For his love, like his rage, was rude;

And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck

At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor-

For I was flexile and fair-

Fought for me in the moonlight, While I lay crouching there,

Till his blood was drained by the desert; And, ruffled with triumph and power,

He licked me and lay beside me

To breathe him a vast half-hour; Then down to the fountain we loitered,

Where the antelopes came to drink-

ALARIC BERTRAND STUART

Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them,
And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for! Not this weak human life, With its frivolous, bloodless passions, Its poor and petty strife! Come to my arms, my hero, The shadows of twilight grow, And the tiger's ancient fierceness In my veins begins to flow. Come not cringing to sue me! Take me with triumph and power, As a warrior storms a fortress! I will not shrink or cower. Come as you came in the desert, Ere we were women and men, When the tiger passions were in us, And love as you loved me then!

ALARIC BERTRAND STUART THE JIM-JAM KING OF THE JOU-JOUS

FAR off in the waste of desert sand,
The Jim-jam rules in the Jou-jou land:
He sits on a throne of red-hot rocks,
And moccasin snakes are his curling locks;
And the Jou-jous have the conniption fits
In the far-off land where the Jim-jam sits—

If things are now as things were then. Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

The country's so dry in Jou-jou land You could wet it down with Sahara sand, And over its boundaries the air Is hotter than 'tis—no matter where: A camel drops down completely tanned When he crosses the line in Jou-jou land—If things are now as things were then. Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

A traveller once got stuck in the sand On the fiery edge of Jou-jou land; The Jou-jous they confiscated him, And the Jim-jam tore him limb from limb; But, dying, he said: "If eaten I am, I'll disagree with this Dam-jim-jam! He'll think his stomach's a Hoodoo's den!" Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

Then the Jim-jam felt so bad inside, It just about humbled his royal pride. He decided to physic himself with sand, And throw up his job in the Jou-jou land. He descended his throne of red-hot rocks, And hired a barber to cut his locks: The barber died of the got-'em-again. Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

And now let every good Mussulman Get all the good from this tale he can. If you wander off on a Jamboree, Across the stretch of the desert sea,

SIR J. SUCKLING

Look out that right at the height of your booze You don't get caught by the Jou-jou-jous! You may, for the Jim-jam's at it again. Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

SIR J. SUCKLING

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO A LOVER

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee, why so pale?
Will, if looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The D—I take her!

JONATHAN SWIFT

1667-1745

FROM "ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT"

THE time is not remote when I Must by the course of nature die; When, I foresee, my special friends Will try to find their private ends;

And, though 'tis hardly understood Which way my death can do them good, Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak: "See how the Dean begins to break! "He recollects not what he says; "He cannot call his friends to mind; "Forgets the place where he last dined; "Plies you with stories o'er and o'er; "He told them fifty times before. "His stomach, too, begins to fail: "Last year we thought him strong and hale; "But now he's quite another thing: "I wish he may hold out till spring!"

Behold the fatal day arrive! "How is the Dean?" "He's just alive." Now the departing prayer is read; He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead. Before the passing-bell begun, The news through half the town is run. From Dublin soon to London spread, 'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead." And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen, Runs laughing up to tell the Queen. The Queen, so gracious mild and good. Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should. "He's dead, you say, then let him rot. "I'm glad the medals were forgot. "I promised him, I own, but when? "I only was the princess then."

My female friends, whose tender hearts Have better learned to act their parts,

A. C. SWINBURNE

Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The dean is dead: (Pray what are trumps?)
"Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
"(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
"Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall:
"(I wish I knew what king to call.)"

A. C. SWINBURNE

1837---1909

DOLORES

(NOTRE-DAME DES SEPT DOULEURS)

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel
Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
The heavy white limbs, and the cruel
Red mouth like a venomous flower;
When these are gone by with their glories,
What shall rest of thee then, what remain,
O mystic and sombre Dolores
Our Lady of Pain?

Seven sorrows the priests give their Virgin;
But thy sins, which are seventy times seven,
Seven ages would fail thee to purge in,
And then they would haunt thee in heaven;
Fierce midnights and famishing morrows,
And the loves that complete and control
All the joys of the flesh, all the sorrows
That wear out the soul.

O garment not golden but gilded
O garden where all men may dwell,
O tower not of ivory, but builded
By hands that reach heaven from hell;

O mystical rose of the mire,
O house not of gold but of gain,
O house of unquenchable fire,
Our Lady of Pain!

O lips full of lust and of laughter,
Curled snakes that are fed from my breast
Bite hard, lest remembrance come after
And press with new lips where you pressed.
For my heart too springs up at the Pressure,
Mine eyelids too moisten and burn;
Ah, feed me and fill me with pleasure,
Ere pain come in turn.

In yesterday's reach and to-morrow's,
Out of sight though they lie of to-day,
There have been and there yet shall be sorrows,
That smite not and bite not in play.
The life and the love thou despisest,
These hurt us indeed, and in vain,
O wise among women, and wisest,
Our Lady of Pain.

Who gave thee thy wisdom? what stories
That stung thee, what visions that smote?
Wert thou pure and a maiden, Dolores,
When desire took thee first by the throat?
What bud was the shell of a blossom
That all men may smell to and pluck?
What milk fed thee first at what bosom?
What sins gave thee suck?

A. C. SWINBURNE

We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,
Thou art noble and nude and antique;
Libitina thy mother, Priapus
Thy father, a Tuscan and Greek.
We play with light loves in the portal,
And wince and relent and refrain;
Loves die, and we know thee immortal,
Our Lady of Pain.

Fruits fail and love dies and time ranges;
Thou art fed with perpetual breath,
And alive after infinite changes,
And fresh from the kisses of death;
Of languors rekindled and rallied,
Of barren delights and unclean,
Things monstrous and fruitless, a pallid
And poisonous queen.

Could you hurt me, sweet lips, though I hurt you?

Men touch them, and change in a trice
The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice;
Those lie where thy foot on the floor is,
These crown and caress thee and chain,
O splendid and sterile Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

There are sins it may be to discover,
There are deeds it may be to delight.
What new work wilt thou find for thy lover?
What new passions for daytime or night?

What spells that they know not a word of Whose lives are as leaves overblown? What tortures undreampt of, unheard of, Unwritten, unknown?

Ah beautiful passionate body
That never has ached with a heart!
On thy mouth though the kisses are bloody,
Though they sting till it shudder and smart,
More kind than the love we adore is,
They hurt not the heart or the brain,
O bitter and tender Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

As our kisses relax and redouble,

From the lips and the foam and the fangs
Shall no new sin be born for men's trouble,

No dream of impossible pangs?

With the sweet of the sins of old ages

Wilt thou satiate thy soul as of yore?

Too sweet is the rind, say the sages,

Too bitter the core.

Hast thou told all thy secrets the last time,
And bared all thy beauties to one?
Ah, where shall we go then for pastime,
If the worst that can be has been done?
But sweet as the rind was the core is;
We are fain of thee still, we are fain,
O sanguine and subtle Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

A. C. SWINBURNE

By the hunger of change and emotion,
By the thirst of unbearable things,
By despair, the twin-born of devotion,
By the pleasure that winces and stings,
The delight that consumes the desire,
The desire that outruns the delight,
By the cruelty deaf as a fire
And blind as the night,

By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
By the lips intertwisted and bitten
Till the foam has a savor of blood,
By the pulse as it rises and falters,
By the hands as they slacken and strain,
I adjure thee, respond from thine altars,
Our Lady of Pain.

Wilt thou smile as a woman disdaining
The light fire in the veins of a boy?
But he comes to thee sad, without feigning,
Who has wearied of sorrow and joy;
Less careful of labor and glory
Than the elders whose hair has uncurled;
And young, but with fancies as hoary
And grey as the world.

I have passed from the outermost portal To the shrine where a sin is a prayer; What care though the service be mortal? O our lady of Torture, what care?

All thine the last wine that I pour is, The last in the chalice we drain, O fierce and luxurious Dolores, Our Lady of Pain.

All thine the new wine of desire,
The fruit of four lips as they clung
Till the hair and the eyelids took fire,
The foam of a serpentine tongue,
The froth of the serpents of pleasure,
More salt than the foam of the sea,
Now felt as a flame, now at leisure
As wine shed for me.

Ah thy people, thy children, thy chosen,
Marked cross from the womb and perverse!
They have found out the secret to cozen
The gods that constrain us and curse;
They alone, they are wise, and none other;
Give me place, even me, in their train,
O my sister, my spouse, and my mother,
Our Lady of Pain.

For the crown of our life as it closes
Is darkness, the fruit thereof dust;
No thorns go as deep as a rose's,
And love is more cruel than lust.
Time turns the old days to derision,
Our loves into corpses or wives;
And marriage and death and division
Make barren our lives.

And pale from the past we draw night thee And satiate with comfortless hours;
And we know thee, how all men belie thee,
And we gather the fruit of thy flowers;
The passion that slays and recovers,
The pangs and the kisses that rain
On the lips and the limbs of thy lovers,
Our Lady of Pain.

The desire of thy furious embraces
Is more than the wisdom of years,
On the blossom though blood lie in traces,
Though the foliage be sodden with tears.
For the lords in whose keeping the door is
That opens on all who draw breath
Gave the cypress to love, my Dolores,
The myrtle to death.

And they laughed, changing hands in the measure,
And they mixed and made peace after strife;
Pain melted in tears, and was pleasure;
Death tingled with blood, and was life.
Like lovers they melted and tingled,
In the dusk of thine innermost fame;
In the darkness they murmured and mingled,
Our Lady of Pain.

In a twilight where virtues are vices,
In thy chapels, unknown of the sun,
To a tune that enthralls and entices,
They were wed, and the train were as one.

For the tune from thine altar hath sounded Since God bade the world's work begin, And the fume of thine incense abounded, To sweeten the sin.

Love listens, and paler than ashes,

Through his curls as the crown on them slips,
Lifts languid wet eyelids and lashes,

And laughs with insatiable lips.
Thou shalt hush him with heavy caresses,

With music that scares the profane;
Thou shalt darken his eyes with thy tresses,

Our Lady of Pain.

Thou shalt blind his bright eyes though he wrestle,
Thou shalt chain his light limbs though he strive;
In his lips all thy serpents shall nestle,
In his hands all thy cruelties thrive.
In the daytime thy voice shall go through him,
In his dreams he shall feel thee and ache;
Thou shalt kindle by night and subdue him
Asleep and awake.

Thou shalt touch and make redder his roses

With juice not of fruit nor of bud;

When the sense in the spirit reposes,

Thou shalt quicken the soul through the blood.

Thine, thine the one grace we implore is,

Who would live and not languish or feign,

O sleepless and deadly Dolores,

Our Lady of Pain.

Dost thou dream, in a respite of slumber,
In a lull of the fires of thy life,
Of the days without name, without number,
When thy will stung the world into strife,
When, a goddess, the pulse of thy passion
Smote kings as they revelled in Rome;
And they hailed thee re-risen, O Thalassian,
Foam-white, from the foam?

When thy lips had such lovers to flatter,
When the city lay red from thy rods,
And thine hands were as arrows to scatter
The children of change and their gods;
When the blood of thy foemen made fervent
A sand never moist from the main,
As one smote them, their lord and thy servant,
Our Lady of Pain.

On sands by the storm never shaken,
Nor wet from the washing of tides;
Nor by foam of the waves overtaken,
Nor winds that the thunder bestrides;
But red from the print of thy paces,
Made smooth for the world and its lords,
Ringed round with a flame of fair faces,
And splendid with swords.

There the gladiator, pale for thy pleasure, Drew bitter and perilous breath; There torments laid hold on the treasure Of limbs too delicious for death;

When the world was a steed for thy rein; When the nations lay prone in thy porches, Our Lady of Pain.

When, with flame all around him aspirant,
Stood flushed, as a harp-player stands,
The implacable beautiful tyrant,
Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;
And a sound as the sound of loud water
Smote far through the flight of the fires,
And mixed with the lightning of slaughter
A thunder of lyres.

Dost thou dream of what was and no more is,
The old kingdoms of earth and the kings?
Dost thou hunger for these things, Dolores,
For these, in a world of new things?
But thy bosom no fasts could emaciate,
No hunger compel to complain
Those lips that no bloodshed could satiate,
Our Lady of Pain.

As of old when the world's heart was lighter,
Through thy garments the grace of thee glows,
The white wealth of thy body made whiter
By the blushes of amorous blows,
And seamed with sharp lips and fierce fingers,
And branded by kisses that bruise;
When all shall be gone that now lingers,
Ah, what shall we lose?

Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,
And thy limbs are as melodies yet,
And move to the music of passion
With lithe and lascivious regret,
What ailed us, O gods, to desert you
For creeds that refuse and restrain?
Come down and redeem us from virtue,
Our Lady of Pain.

All shrines that were Vestal are flameless;
But the flame has not fallen from this,
Though obscure be the god, and though nameless
The eyes and the hair that we kiss;
Low fires that love sits by and forges
Fresh heads for his arrows and thine;
Hair loosened and soiled in mid orgies
With kisses and wine.

Thy skin changes country and color,
And shrivels or swells to a snake's.

Let it brighten and bloat and grow duller,
We know it, the flames and the flakes,
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,
Round skies where a star is a stain,
And the leaves with thy litanies written,
Our Lady of Pain.

On thy bosom though many a kiss be, There are none such as knew it of old. Was it Alciphron once or Arisbe, Male ringlets or feminine gold

That thy lips met with under the statue, Whence a look shot out sharp after thieves From the eyes of the garden god at you Across the fig-leaves?

Then still, through dry seasons, and moister,
One god had a wreath to his shrine;
The love was the pearl of his oyster,*
And Venus rose red out of wine.
We have all done amiss, choosing rather
Such loves as the wise gods disdain;
Intercede for us thou with thy father,
Our Lady of Pain.

In spring he had crowns of his garden,
Red corn in the heat of the year,
Then hoary green olives that harden
When the grape-blossom freezes with fear;
And milk-budded myrtles with Venus
And vine-leaves with Bacchus he trod;
And ye said, "We have seen, he hath seen us,
A visible God."

What broke off the garlands that girt you?
What sundered you spirit and clay?
Weak sins yet alive are as virtue
To the strength of the sins of that day.
For dried is the blood of thy lover,
Ipsithilla, contracted the vein;
Cry aloud, "Will he rise and recover,
Our Lady of Pain?"

Cry aloud; for the old world is broken
Cry out; for the Phrygian is priest,
And rears not the bountiful token
And spreads not the fatherly feast.
From the midmost of Ida, from shady
Recesses that murmur at morn,
They have brought and baptized her, Our Lady,
A goddess new-born.

And the chaplets of old are above us,
And the oyster-bed teems out of reach;
Old poets outsing and outlove us,
And Catullus makes mouths at our speech.
Who shall kiss, in thy father's own city,
With such lips as he sang with, again?
Intercede for us all of thy pity,
Our Lady of Pain.

Out of Dindymus heavily laden
Her lions draw bound and unfed
A mother, a mortal, a maiden,
A queen over death and the dead.
She is cold, and her habit is lowly,
Her temple of branches and sods;
Most fruitful and virginal, holy,
A mother of gods.

She hath wasted with fire thine high places, She hath hidden and marred and made sad The fair limbs of the Loves, the fair faces Of gods that were goodly and glad.

She slays, and her hands are not bloody; She moves as a moon in the wane, White-robed, and thy raiment is ruddy, Our Lady of Pain.

They shall pass and their places be taken,
The gods and the priests that are pure.
They shall pass, and shalt thou not be shaken?
They shall perish, and shalt thou endure?
Death laughs, breathing close and relentless
In the nostrils and eyelids of lust,
With a pinch in his fingers of scentless
And delicate dust.

But the worm shall revive thee with kisses,

Thou shalt change and transmute as a god,
As the rod to a serpent that hisses,

As the serpent again to a rod.

Thy life shall not cease though thou doff it;

Thou shalt live until evil be slain,
And good shall die first, said thy prophet,

Our Lady of Pain.

Did he lie? did he laugh? does he know it,

Now he lies out of reach, out of breath,
Thy prophet, thy preacher, thy poet,
Sin's child by incestuous Death?
Did he find out in fire at his waking,
Or discern as his eyelids lost light,
When the bands of the body were breaking
And all came in sight?

Who has known all the evil before us,
Or the tyrannous secrets of time?
Though we match not the dead men that bore us
At a song, at a kiss, at a crime—
Though the heathen outface and outlive us,
And our lives and our longings are twain—
Ah, forgive us our virtues, forgive us,
Our Lady of Pain.

Who are we that embalm and embrace thee
With spices and savors of song?
What is time, that his children should face thee;
What am I, that my lips do thee wrong?
I could hurt thee—but pain would delight thee;
Or caress thee—but love would repel;
And the lovers whose lips would excite thee
Are serpents in hell.

Who now shall content thee as they did,
Thy lovers, when temples were built
And the hair of the sacrifice braided
And the blood of the sacrifice spilt,
In Lampsacus fervent with faces,
In Aphaca red from thy reign,
Who embraced thee with awful embraces,
Our Lady of Pain?

Where are they, Cotytto or Venus,
Astarte or Ashtaroth, where?

Do their hands as we touch come between us?
Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?

From their lips have thy lips taken fever, With the blood of their bodies grown red? Hast thou left upon earth a believer If these men are dead?

They were purple of raiment and golden,
Filled full of thee, fiery with wine,
Thy lovers, in haunts unbeholden,
In marvellous chambers of thine.
They are fled, and their footprints escape us,
Who appraise thee, adore, and abstain,
O daughter of Death and Priapus,
Our Lady of Pain.

What ails us to fear overmeasure,

To praise thee with timorous breath,
O mistress and mother of pleasure,
The one thing as certain as death?
We shall change as the things that we cherish,
Shall fade as they faded before,
As foam upon water shall perish
As sand upon shore.

We shall know what the darkness discovers, If the grave-pit be shallow or deep; And our fathers of old, and our lovers, We shall know if they sleep not or sleep We shall see whether hell be not heaven, Find out whether tares be not grain, And the joys of thee seventy times seven, Our Lady of Pain.

CATULL, Carm xviii

^{* &}quot;Nam te præcipuè in suis urbibus colit ora Hellespontia, cæteris ostreosior oris."

IN THE ORCHARD

(PROVENÇAL BURDEN)

Leave go my hands, let me catch breath and see; Let the dew-fall drench either side of me; Clear apple-leaves are soft upon that moon Seen sidelong like a blossom in the tree; Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

The grass is thick and cool, it lets us lie.

Kissed upon either cheek and either eye,

I turn to thee as some green afternoon

Turns toward sunset, and is loth to die;

Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Lie closer, lean your face upon my side,
Feel where the dew fell that has hardly dried,
Hear how the blood beats that went nigh to
swoon;

The pleasure lives there when the sense has died; Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

O my fair lord, I charge you leave me this: Is it not sweeter than a foolish kiss? Nay take it then, my flower, my first in June, My rose, so like a tender mouth it is: Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Love, till dawn sunder night from day with fire, Dividing my delight and my desire, The crescent life and love the plenilune,

Love me though dusk begin and dark retire;

Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Ah, my heart fails my blood draws back; I know, When life runs over, life is near to go;
And with the slain of love love's ways are strewn, And with their blood, if love will have it so;
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Ah, do thy will now; slay me if thou wilt; There is no building now the walls are built, No quarrying now the corner-stone is hewn, No drinking now the vine's whole blood is spilt; Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Nay, slay me now; nay, for I will be slain; Pluck thy red pleasure from the teeth of pain, Break down thy vine ere yet grape-gatherers prune,

Slay me ere day can slay desire again; Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Yea, with thy sweet lips, with thy sweet sword; yea, Take life and all, for I will die, I say;
Love, I gave love, is life a better boon?
For sweet night's sake I will not live till day;
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

Nay, I will sleep then only; nay, but go.
Ah sweet, too sweet to me, my sweet, I know
Love, sleep, and death go to the sweet same tune;
Hold my hair fast, and kiss me through it so.
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon.

HESPERIA

Out of the golden remote wild west where the sea without shore is,

Full of the sunset, and sad, if at all, with the ful-

ness of joy,

As a wind sets in with the autumn that blows from the region of stories,

Blows with a perfume of songs and of memories beloved from a boy.

beloved from a boy,

Blows from the capes of the past oversea to the bays of the present,

Filled as with shadow of sound with the pulse of

invisible feet,

Far out to the shallows and straits of the future, by rough ways or pleasant,

Is it thither the wind's wings beat? is it hither to

me, O my sweet?

For thee, in the stream of the deep tide-wind blowing in with the water,

Thee I behold as a bird borne in with the wind

from the west,

Straight from the sunset, across white waves whence rose as a daughter

Venus thy mother, in years when the world was

a water at rest.

Out of the distance of dreams, as a dream that abides after slumber,

Strayed from the fugitive flock of the night, when the moon overhead

Wanes in the wan waste heights of the heaven, and

Die without sound, and are spent like lamps that are burnt by the dead,

Comes back to me, stays by me, lulls me with touch of forgotten caresses,

One warm dream clad about with a fire as of life that endures:

The delight of thy face, and the sound of thy feet, and the wind of thy tresses,

And all of a man that regrets, and all of a maid that allures.

But thy bosom is warm for my face and profound as a manifold flower,

Thy silence as music, thy voice as an odor that fades in a flame;

Not a dream, not a dream is the kiss of thy mouth, and the bountiful hour

That makes me forget what was sin, and would make me forget were it shame.

Thine eyes that are quiet, thine hands that are tender, thy lips that are loving,

Comfort and cool me as dew in the dawn of a moon like a dream:

And my heart yearns baffled and blind, moved vainly toward thee, and moving

As the refluent seaweed moves in the languid exuberant stream.

Fair as a rose is on earth, as a rose under water in prison,

That stretches and swings to the slow passionate pulse of the sea,

Closed up from the air and the sun, but alive, as a ghost re-arisen.

Pale as the love that revives as a ghost re-arisen in me.

From the bountiful infinite west, from the happy memorial places

Full of the stately repose and the lordly delight of the dead.

Where the fortunate islands are lit with the light of ineffable faces,

And the sound of a sea without wind is about them, and sunset is red,

Come back to redeem and release me from love that recalls and represses,

That cleaves to my flesh as a flame, till the serpent has eaten his fill;

From the bitter delights of the dark, and the feverish, the furtive caresses

That murder the youth in a man or ever his heart have its will.

Thy lips cannot laugh and thine eyes cannot weep; thou art pale as a rose is,

Paler and sweeter than leaves that cover the blush of the bud;

And the heart of the flower is compassion, and pity the core it encloses,

Pity, not love, that is born of the breath and decays with the blood.

As the cross that a wild nun clasps till the edge of it bruises her bosom,

So love wounds as we grasp it, and blackens and burns as a flame;

I have loved overmuch in my life; when the live bud bursts with the blossom,

Bitter as ashes or tears is the fruit, and the wine thereof shame.

As a heart that its anguish divides is the green bud

As the blood of a man self-slain is the flush of the leaves that allure;

And the perfume as poison and wine to the brain, a delight and a wonder;

And the thorns are too sharp for a boy; too slight

for a man, to endure.

Too soon did I love it, and lost love's rose; and I cared not for glory's:

Only the blossoms of sleep and of pleasure were

mixed in my hair.

Was it myrtle or poppy thy garland was woven with, O my Dolores?

Was it pallor or slumber, or blush as of blood, that

I found in thee fair?

For desire is a respite from love, and the flesh not the heart is her fuel;

She was sweet to me once, who am fled and escaped

from the rage of her reign;

Who behold as of old time at hand as I turn, with her mouth growing cruel,

And flushed as with wine with the blood of her lovers.

Our Lady of Pain.

Low down where the thicket is thicker with thorns than with leaves in the summer,

In the brake is a gleaming of eyes and a hissing of tongues that I knew;

And the lithe long throats of her snakes reach round her, their mouths overcome her,

And her lips grow cool with their foam, made moist as a desert with dew.

With the thirst and the hunger of lust though her beautiful lips be so bitter

With the cold foul foam of the snakes they soften and redden and smile:

And her fierce mouth sweetens, her eyes wax wide and her eyelashes glitter,

And she laughs with a savor of blood in her face, and a savor of guile.

She laughs, and her hands reach hither, her hair blows hither and hisses.

As a low-lit flame in a wind, back-blown till it shudder and leap;

Let her lips not again lay hold on my soul, nor her poisonous kisses,

To consume it alive and divide from thy bosom, Our Lady of Sleep.

Ah daughter of sunset and slumber, if now it return into prison,

Who shall redeem it anew? but we, if thou wilt, let us fly;

Let us take to us, now that the white skies thrill with a moon unarisen,

Swift horses of fear or of love, take flight and depart and not die.

They are swifter than dreams, they are stronger than death; there is none that hath ridden,

None that shall ride in the dim strange ways of his life as we ride:

By the meadows of memory, the highlands of hope, and the shore that is hidden,

Where life breaks loud and unseen, a sonorous invisible tide;

By the sands where sorrow has trodden, the salt pools bitter and sterile,

By the thundering reef and the low seawall and the channel of years,

Our wild steeds press on the night, strain hard through pleasure and peril,

Labor and listen and pant not or pause for the peril that nears;

And the sound of them trampling the way cleaves night as an arrow asunder,

And slow by the sand-hill and swift by the down with its glimpses of grass

Sudden and steady the music, as eight hoofs trample and thunder,

Rings in the ear of the low blind wind of the night as we pass;

Shrill shrieks in our faces that blind bland air that was mute as a maiden,

Stung into storm by the speed of our passage, and deaf where we past;

And our spirits too burn as we bound, thine holy but mine heavy-laden,

As we burn with the fire of our flight; ah, love, shall we win at the last?

AN INTERLUDE

In the greenest growth of the Maytime,
I rode where the woods were wet,
Between the dawn and the daytime;
The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,
Though the ways and the woods smelt sweet;
The breath at your lips that panted,
The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after, And the green grew golden above; And the flag-flowers lightened with laughter, And the meadow sweet shook with love.

Your feet in the full-grown grasses Moved soft as a weak wind blows; You passed me as April passes, With face made out of a rose.

By the stream where the stems were slender, Your bright foot paused at the sedge; It might be to watch the tender Light leaves in the springtime hedge.

On boughs that the sweet month blanches, With flowery frost of May: It might be a bird in the branches, It might be a thorn in the way.

I waited to watch you linger
With foot drawn back from the dew,
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger
Struck sharp through the leaves at you.

And a bird overhead sang Follow,
And a bird to the right sang Here;
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of May was clear.

I saw where the sun's hand pointed,
I knew what the bird's note said;
By the dawn and the dewfall anointed,
You were queen by the gold on your head.

As the glimpse of a burnt-out ember Recalls a regret of the sun, I remember, forget, and remember What Love saw done and undone.

I remember the way we parted,
The day and the way we met;
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,
And knew we should both forget.

And May with her world in flower
Seemed still to murmur and smile
As you murmured and smiled for an hour;
I saw you turn at the stile.

A hand like a white wood-blossom You lifted, and waved, and passed, With head hung down to the bosom, And pale, as it seemed, at last.

And the best and the worst of this is That neither is most to blame If you've forgotten my kisses And I've forgotten your name.

A BALLAD OF DREAMLAND

I HID my heart in a nest of roses,
Out of the sun's way, hidden apart;
In a softer bed than the soft white snow's is,
Under the roses I hid my heart.
Why would it sleep not? why should it start,
When never a leaf of the rose-tree stirred?
What made sleep flutter his wings and part?
Only the song of a secret bird.

Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing closes,
And mild leaves muffle the keen sun's dart;
Lie still, for the wind on the warm sea dozes,
And the wind is unquieter yet than thou art.
Does a thought in thee still as a thorn's wound
smart?

Does the fang still fret thee of hope deferred? What bids the lids of thy sleep dispart? Only the song of a secret bird.

The green land's name that a charm encloses,

It never was writ in the traveller's chart,

And sweet on its trees as the fruit that grows
is,

It never was sold in the merchant's mart.
The swallows of dreams through its dim fields
dart,

And sleep's are the tunes in its tree-tops heard; No hound's note wakens the wildwood hart, Only the song of a secret bird.

ENVOL.

In the world of dreams I have chosen my part. To sleep for a season and hear no word Of true love's truth or of light love's art, Only the song of a secret bird.

A BALLAD OF FRANCOIS VILLON

PRINCE OF ALL BALLAD-MAKERS

Bird of the bitter bright gray golden morn Scarce risen upon the dusk of dolorous years,

First of us all and sweetest singer born

Whose far shrill note the world of new men hears Cleave the cold shuddering shade as twilight clears; When song new-born put off the old world's attire And left its tune on her changed lips expire,

Writ foremost on the roll of them that came Fresh girt for service of the latter lyre,

Villon, our sad glad mad brother's name!

Alas the joy, the sorrow and the scorn, That clothed thy life with hopes and sins and fears.

And gave thee stones for bread and tares for corn And plume-plucked jail-birds for thy starveling

Till death clipt close their flight with shameful

shears:

Till shifts came short and loves were hard to hire, When lilt of song nor twitch of twangling wire Could buy thee bread or kisses; when light fame Spurned like a ball and haled through brake and briar,

Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name!

Poor splendid wings so frayed and soiled and torn!

Poor kind wild eyes so dashed with light quick
tears!

Poor perfect voice, most blithe when most forlorn, That rings athwart the sea whence no man steers Like joy-bells crossed with death-bells in our ears!

What far delight has cooled the fierce desire That like some ravenous bird was strong to tire On that frail flesh and soul consumed with flame, But left more sweet than roses to respire.

at left more sweet than roses to respire,

Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name?

ENVOI.

Prince of sweet songs made out of tears and fire, A harlot was thy nurse, a God thy sire;

Shame soiled thy song, and song assoiled thy shame. But from thy feet now death has washed the

Love reads our first at head of all our quire, Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name.

CHORUS FROM ATALANTA IN CALYDON

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain

Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain; And the brown bright nightingale amorous

Is half assuaged for Itylus,

For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces, The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,

Maiden most perfect, lady of light, With a noise of winds and many rivers,

With a clamor of waters, and with night; Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,

Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;

For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers, Round the feet of the day and the feet of the

night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to
her,

Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring! For the stars and the winds are unto her As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;

For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her, And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,

The light that loses, the night that wins;

And time remembered is grief forgotten, And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,

And in green underwood and cover

Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes, Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,

The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;

And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire, And the oat is heard above the lyre, And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet than scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ETUDE RÉALISTE

A BABY's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat They stretch and spread and wink Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink Gleam half so heavenly sweet As shine on life's untrodden brink A baby's feet.

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands When battle's bolt is hurled, They close, clenched hard like tightening bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled Match, even in loveliest lands, 'The sweetest flowers in all the world—A baby's hands.

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin
Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies, And sleep flows out and in, Lies perfect in them Paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
Their speech make dumb the wise,
By mute glad godhead felt within
A baby's eyes.

JACOBITE SONG

Now who will speak, and lie not, And pledge not life, but give? Slaves herd with herded cattle: The dawn grows bright for battle, And if we die, we die not; And if we live, we live.

The faith our fathers fought for,
The kings our fathers knew,
We fight but as they fought for:
We seek the goal they sought for,
The chance they hailed and knew,
The praise they strove and wrought for,
To leave their blood as dew
On fields that flower anew.

Men live that serve the stranger;
Hounds live that huntsmen tame:
These life-days of our living
Are days of God's good giving
Where death smiles soft on danger
And life scowls dark on shame.

And what would you do other,
Sweet wife, if you were I?
And how should you be other,
My sister, than your brother,
If you were man as I,
Born of our sire and mother,
With choice to cower and fly,
And chance to strike and die?

No churl's our oldworld name is, The lands we leave are fair: But fairer far than these are, But wide as all the seas are, But high as heaven the fame is That if we die we share.

Our name the night may swallow,
Our lands the churl may take:
But night nor death may swallow,
Nor hell's nor heaven's dim hollow,
The star whose height we take,
The star whose light we follow
For faith's unfaltering sake
Till hope that sleeps awake.

Soft hope's light lure we serve not, Nor follow, fain to find: Dark time's last word may smite her Dead, ere man's falsehood blight her: But though she die, we swerve not, Who cast not eye behind.

Faith speaks when hope dissembles:
Faith lives when hope fies dead:
If death as life dissembles,
And all that night assembles,
Of stars at dawn lie dead,
Faint hope that smiles and trembles
May tell not well for dread:
But faith has heard it said.

Now who will fight, and fly not, And grudge not life to give? And who will strike beside us,

If life's or death's light guide us? For if we live, we die not,
And if we die, we live.

NEPHELIDIA

(A PARODY OF HIMSELF)

FROM the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through a notable nimbus of nebulous noonshine,

Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that flickers with fear of the flies as they float,

Are they looks of our lovers that lustrously lean from a marvel of mystic miraculous moonshine,

These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that thicken and threaten with throbs through the throat?

Thicken and thrill as a theatre thronged at appeal of an actor's appalled agitation,

Fainter with fear of the fires of the future than pale with the promise of pride in the past;

Flushed with the famishing fullness of fever that reddens with radiance of rathe recreation.

Gaunt as the ghastliest of glimpses that gleam through the gloom of the gloaming when ghosts go aghast?

Nay, for the nick of the tick of the time is a tremulous touch on the temples of terror,

Strained as the sinews yet strenuous with strife of the dead who is dumb as the dust-heaps of death:

Surely no soul is it, sweet as the spasm of erotic emotional exquisite error.

Bathed in the balms of beautified bliss, beatific it-

self by beatitude's breath.

Surely no spirit or sense of a soul that was soft to the spirit and soul of our senses

Sweetens the stress of suspiring suspicion that sobs in the semblance and sound of a sigh;

Only this oracle opens Olympian, in mystical moods and triangular tenses—

'Life is the lust of a lamp for the light that is dark till the dawn of the day when we die.'

Mild is the mirk and monotonous music of memory, melodiously mute as it may be,

While the hope in the heart of a hero is bruised by the breach of men's rapiers, resigned to the rod;

Made meek as a mother whose bosom-beats bound with the bliss-bringing bulk of a balm-breathing baby,

As they grope through the grave-yard of creeds, under skies growing green at a groan for the

grimness of God.

Blank is the book of his bounty beholden of old,

and its binding is blacker than bluer:

Out of blue into black is the scheme of the skies, and their dews are the wine of the bloodshed of things;

Till the darkling desire of delight shall be free as a fawn that is freed from the fangs that pursue

her,

Till the heart-beats of hell shall be hushed by a hymn from the hunt that has harried the kennel of kings.

UP THE SPOUT

Hi! Just you drop that! Stop, I say!
Shirk work, think slink off, twist friend's wrist?
Where that spined sand's lined band's the bay—
Lined blind with true sea's blue, as due—
Promising—not to pay?

For the sea's debt leaves wet the sand;
Burst worst fate's weights in one burst gun?
A man's own yacht, blown—What? off land?
Tack back, or veer round here, then—queer!
Reef points, though—understand?

I'm blest if I do. Sigh? be blowed!

Love's doves make break life's ropes, eh? Tropes!

Faith's brig, baulked, sides caulked, rides at road;

Hope's gropes befogged, storm-dogged and bogged—

Clogged, water-logged, her load!

Stowed, by Jove, right and tight, away!
No show now how best plough sea's brow,
Wrinkling—breeze quick, tease thick, ere day,
Clear sheer wave's sheen of green, I mean,
With twinkling wrinkles—eh?

Sea sprinkles winkles, tinkles light
Shells' bells—boy's joys that hap to snap!
It's just sea's fun, breeze done, to spite
God's rods that scourge her surge, I'd urge—
Not proper, is it—quite?

See, fore and aft, life's craft undone!
Crank plank, split spritsail—mark, sea's lark!
That grey cold sea's old sprees, begun
When men lay dark i' the ark, no spark,
All water—just God's fun!

Not bright, at best, his jest to these Seemed—screamed, shrieked, wreaked on kin for sin!

When for mirth's yell earth's knell seemed please Some dumb new grim great whim in him Made Jews take chalk for cheese.

Could God's rods bruise God's Jews? Their jowls
Bobbed, sobbed, gaped, aped the plaice in face:
None heard, 'tis odds, his—God's—folks howls.
Now, how must I apply, to try
This hookiest-beaked of owls?

Well, I suppose God knows—I don't.

Time's crimes mark dark men's types, in stripes
Broad as fen's lands men's hands were wont

Leave grieve unploughed, though proud and loud
With birds' words—No! he won't!

One never should think good impossible.
Eh? say I'd hide this Jew's oil's cruse—
His shop might hold bright gold, engrossible
By Spy—spring's air takes there no care
To wave the heath-flower's glossy bell!

But gold bells chime in time there, coined—Gold! Old Sphinx winks there—'Read my screed!'

ARTHUR SYMONS

Doctrine Jews learn, use, burn for, joined (Through new craft's stealth) with health and wealth—

At once all three purloined!

I rose with dawn, to pawn, no doubt,
(Miss this chance, glance untried aside?)
John's shirt, my—no! Ay, so—the lout!
Let yet the door gape, store on floor
And not a soul about?

Such men lay traps, perhaps—and I'm

Weak—meek—mild—child of woe, you know!

But theft, I doubt, my lout calls crime.

Shrink? Think! Love's dawn in pawn—you spawn

Of Jewry! Just in time!

ARTHUR SYMONS

1865-

EMMY

EMMY'S exquisite youth and her virginal air, Eyes and teeth in the flash of a musical smile, Come to me out of the past, and I see her there As I saw her once for a while.

Emmy's laughter rings in my ears, as bright, Fresh and sweet as the voice of a mountain brook, And still I hear her telling us tales that night, Out of Boccaccio's book.

There, in the midst of the villainous dancing-hall, Leaning across the table, over the beer,

While the music madden'd the whirling skirts of the ball,

As the midnight hour drew near,

There with the women, haggard, painted and old, One fresh bud in a garland wither'd and stale, She, with her innocent voice and her clear eyes, told Tale after shameless tale.

And ever the witching smile, to her face beguiled, Paused and broaden'd, and broke in a ripple of fun, And the soul of a child look'd out of the eyes of a child

Or ever the tale was done.

O my child, who wrong'd you first, and began First the dance of death that you dance so well? Soul for soul: and I think the soul of a man Shall answer for yours in hell.

JOHN B. (FATHER) TABB 1845—1909

EVOLUTION

Our of the dusk a shadow,
Then, a spark:
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark:
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain:
Out of the dead cold ashes,
Life again.

≥ 210 €

TASSO'S

THE DIFFERENCE

Unc' Si, de Holy Bible say, In speakin' of de jus', Dat he do fall seben times a day: Now, how's de sinner wuss?

"Well, chile, de slip may come to all, But den de diff'ence foller; For, ef you watch him when he fall, De jus' man do not waller."

TASSO'S

ODE TO THE GOLDEN AGE

SUNG BY A CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS IN TASSO'S AMYNTAS

O LOVELY age of gold!

Not that the rivers roll'd

With milk, or that the woods wept honey-dew;

Not that the ready ground

Produc'd without a wound,

Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;

Not that a cloudless blue

Forever was in sight,

Or that the heaven which burns,

And now is cold by turns,

Look'd out in glad and everlasting light;

No, nor that even the insolent ships from far

Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than

war.

But solely that that vain
And breath-invented pain,
That idol of mistake, that worshipped cheat,
That Honour,—since so call'd
By vulgar minds appall'd,
Play'd not the tyrant with our nature yet.
It had not come to fret
The sweet and happy fold
Of gentle human-kind;
Nor did its hard law bind
Souls nurs'd in freedom; but that law of gold,
That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
Which Nature's own hand wrote—What pleases, is
permitted.

Then among streams and flowers. The little winged Powers Went singing carols without torch or bow; The nymphs and shepherds sat Mingling with innocent chat Sports and low whispers; and with whispers low, Kisses that would not go. The maid, her childhood o'er. Kept not her bloom uneyed, Which now a veil must hide, Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore; And oftentimes, in river or in lake, The lover and his love their merry bath would take. 'Twas thou, thou, Honour, first That didst deny our thirst Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set; Thou bad'st kind eyes withdraw Into constrained awe.

TASSO'S

And keep the secret for their tears to wet;
Thou gathered'st in a net
The tresses from the air,
And mad'st the sports and plays
Turn all to sullen ways,
And putt'st on speech a rein, in steps a care.
Thy work it is,—thou shade that wilt not move,
That what was once the gift, is now the theft of
Love.

Our sorrows and our pains, These are thy noble gains. But oh, thou Love's and Nature's masterer, Thou conqueror of the crown'd, What dost thou on this ground, Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere? Go, and make slumber dear To the renown'd and high; We here, a lowly race, Can live without thy grace, After the use of mild antiquity. Go, let us love; since years No truce allow, and life soon disappears; Go, let us love; the daylight dies, is born; But unto us the light Dies once for all, and sleep brings on eternal night. Translated by Leigh Hunt

BAYARD TAYLOR

1825-1878

THE BEDOUIN SONG

From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR

Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

BERT LESTON TAYLOR

1866-1921

OLD STUFF

If I go to see the play,
Of the story I am certain;
Promptly it gets under way
With the lifting of the curtain.
Builded all that's said and done
On the ancient recipe—
'Tis the same old Two and One:
A and B in love with C.

If I read the latest book,
There's the mossy situation;
One may confidently look
For the trite triangulation.
Old as time, but ever new,
Seemingly, this tale of Three—
Same old yarn of One and Two:
A and C in love with B.

If I cast my eyes around,
Far and near and middle distance,
Still the formula is found
In our everyday existence.

≥ 215 K

Everywhere I look I see—
Fact or fiction, life or play—
Still the little game of Three:
B and C in love with A.

While the ancient law fulfills,
Myriad moons shall wane and wax.
Jack must have his pair of Jills,
Jill must have her pair of Jacks.

POST-IMPRESSIONISM

I CANNOT tell you how I love The canvases of Mr. Dove, Which Saturday I went to see In Mr. Thurber's gallery.

At first you fancy they are built As patterns for a crazy quilt, But soon you see that they express An ambient simultaneousness.

This thing which you would almost bet Portrays a Spanish omelette, Depicts instead, with wondrous skill, A horse and cart upon a hill.

Now, Mr. Dove has too much art To show the horse or show the cart; Instead, he paints the *creak* and *strain*, Get it? No pike is half as plain.

This thing which would appear to show A fancy vest scenario,

SIR HENRY TAYLOR

Is really quite another thing, A flock of pigeons on the wing.

But Mr. Dove is much too keen To let a single bird be seen; To show the pigeons would not do And so he simply paints the coo.

It's all as simple as can be; He paints the things you cannot see, Just as composers please the ear With "programme" things you cannot hear.

Dove is the cleverest of chaps; And, gazing at his rhythmic maps, I wondered (and I'm wondering yet) Whether he did them on a bet.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR

1800—1886

SONG

THE bee to the heather,
The lark to the sky,
The roe to the greenwood,
And whither shall I?

O, Alice! Ah, Alice!
So sweet to the bee
Are the moorland and heather
By Cannock and Leigh!

≫ 217 K

O, Alice! Ah, Alice! O'er Teddesley Park The sunny sky scatters The notes of the lark!

O, Alice! Ah, Alice!
In Beaudesert glade
The roes toss their antlers
For joy of the shade!—

But Alice, dear Alice!
Glade, moorland, nor sky
Without you can content me—
And whither shall I?

TOM TAYLOR 1817—1880

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

You lay a wreath on murder'd Lincoln's bier, You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace, Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer, His length of shambling limb, his furrow'd face,

His gaunt, gnarl'd hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen back'd up the pencil's laugh,

Judging each step as though the way were plain;

TOM TAYLOR

Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain,—

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet The Stars and Stripes he liv'd to rear anew, Between the mourners at his head and feet, Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes: he had liv'd to shame me from my sneer, To lame my pencil and confute my pen; To make me own this hind of princes peer, This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learn'd to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more
true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be; How in good fortune and in ill the same; Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he, Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work,—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow, That God makes instruments to work his will,

If but that will we can arrive to know, Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side

That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,

As in his peasant boyhood he had plied

His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting

mights,—

The unclear'd forest, the unbroken soil,

The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the maz'd wanderer's tracks,

The ambush'd Indian, and the prowling bear,—
Such were the deeds that help'd his youth to train:
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destin'd work to do, And liv'd to do it; four long-suffering years' Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report liv'd through, And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood,—
Till, as he came on light from darkling days,
And seem'd to touch the goal from where he
stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him, Reach'd from behind his back, a trigger prest,

SARA TEASDALE

And those perplex'd and patient eyes were dim, Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea, Utter one voice of sympathy and shame. Sore heart, so stopp'd when it at last beat high! Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accurs'd! Strokes have been struck before By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt If more of horror or disgrace they bore; But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

SARA TEASDALE

1884-

PIERROT

Pierrot stands in the garden
Beneath a waning moon,
And on his lute he fashions
A fragile silver tune.

Pierrot plays in the garden,
He thinks he plays for me,
But I am quite forgotten
Under the cherry tree.

Pierrot plays in the garden,
And all the roses know
That Pierrot loves his music,—
But I love Pierrot.

I SHALL NOT CARE

WHEN I am dead and over me bright April
Shakes out her rain-drenched hair;
Though you should lean above me broken-hearted,
I shall not care.

I shall have peace as leafy trees are peaceful, When rain bends down the bough; And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted Than you are now.











